John Bull, December 31, 1921. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

# JOHN BULL

Vol. XXX. No. 813. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Morris's Virginia 'Flend' Cigarettes are well filled with selected Carolina tobaccos, skilfully blended to give a superb flavour.

1/- for 20

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London, E.1

# BRITAIN'S VITAL CHOICE

## BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

"I love to Dance but—OH! MY FEET!"

Try this and forget all your aches, pains, strains, corns, callosities or other foot troubles.

A foot bath in hot [illegible] water is all you need to [illegible] Zam-Buk Ointment [illegible] tender, [illegible] corns [illegible] lighter [illegible] corns and [illegible] this corn [illegible] pressure, and is [illegible] of [illegible] water) [illegible] it [illegible] all

A steaming cup of Fry's when going out or coming in, lessens the risks of Winter Colds and Chills.

Fry's Pure Breakfast Cocoa

with the favourite chocolate flavour.

CLARNICO

CLARNICO RIDDLES, No. 1.

Why are Clarnico Caramels like china eggs?

BECAUSE THEY CANNOT BE BEATEN

In fact, no other confectionery can surpass CLARNICO CARAMELS, rich in creamy goodness, sweetened with pure cane sugar. Don't be "beaten." Insist on having CLARNICO CARAMELS.

Clarnico Cream Caramels.
Clarnico Lily Caramels (with almonds).
Clarnico Chocolate-Lily Caramels.

Sold in small boxes, avoiding exposure and handling; also loose by weight.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.

CLARNICO

# ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

## Forty Years of Suffering Ended by Veno's.

Mr. R. Thomas, of Gilfach, near Bridgend, Glam., Wales, had suffered for forty years from asthmatic cough. He says: "Veno's is the best thing I have ever found for cough and asthma. Often I could not work for shortness of breath and wheezing. Sometimes when the attacks were on I dared not go to bed for fear of choking. I tried many preparations and had advice, but I never secured any real lasting benefit until I commenced taking Veno's. I was in the middle of a very bad attack, and almost from the first my breathing became easier, and now I am better in health than ever in my life. It is all due to Veno's Lightning Cough Cure."

*Mr. Thomas.*

*Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for*

COUGHS AND COLDS. LUNG TROUBLES. NASAL CATARRH. BRONCHITIS. ASTHMA.

**1/3** A BOTTLE.

DIFFICULT BREATHING. WHOOPING COUGH. BLOOD SPITTING. HOARSENESS. INFLUENZA.

*Large size, 3/-. This is the more economical. Sold by all Chemists.*

# VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

*THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in* JOHN BULL*—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

## Parisian Style

"Milkmaid" Café au Lait is coffee in the true Parisian style—and it requires no art in the preparation. Made in a moment, it is of the same delicate flavour and fragrance—invigorating, refreshing, and sustaining. As economical as it is delicious and convenient, no milk or sugar is needed. Have it for breakfast—and supper too.

# CAFÉ AU LAIT

"MILKMAID" BRAND

*Leaves no "grounds" for complaint.*

*If any difficulty in obtaining, write direct to—*

NESTLÉ'S (Advt. Dept.), 6-8, Eastcheap, E.C.3.

*Sold Everywhere. Cash Prices 11d. and 1/9d. per tin.*

## Billiards in the Home

**RILEY'S 'Home' Billiard Table**

in your home for a first payment of

**15/-**

Seven Days' Free Trial.

There's nothing better for keeping the family together during the dark winter nights than a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Send a 15/- Postal Order to-night and you'll receive the regular 6ft. 4in. size, perfect "Home" Billiard Table to fit on your dining table. You pay the balance monthly—whilst you play (Cash Price £12 10 0). Other sizes—prices in proportion.

RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES can also be had on the easy payment system. There are suitable sizes for every home. Every table sent complete, carriage paid, on Seven Days' Free Trial.

Write now for the "Riley" Catalogue.

Riley's Full-Size Tables always in stock. Repairs executed. All accessories supplied. Write for particulars.

**E. J. RILEY, LTD.,** Contract Works, ACCRINGTON.

187, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. 3

## Sale of Furs

Exceptional Opportunity

The finest stock of Beautiful Furs in London—must be cleared. Hundreds of Real Bargains—all of Guaranteed Quality. Call and see them. Selections of Furs will be sent into the country on approval.

Write for Bargain List.

**The Wholesale Fur Co.**

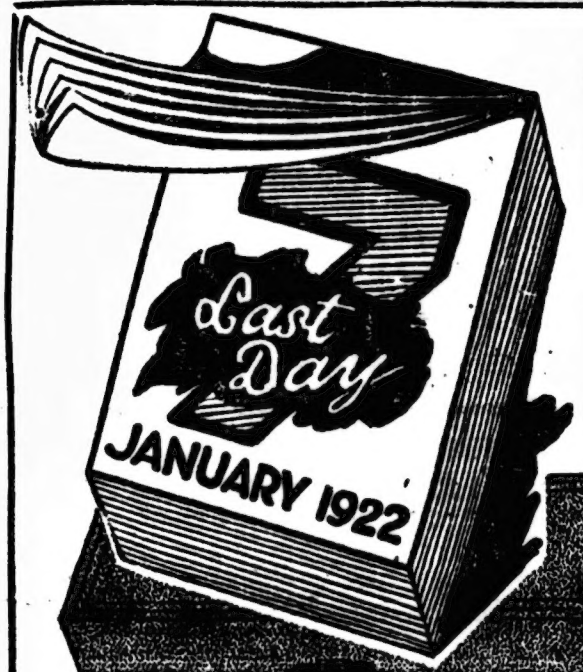
145, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Showrooms 1st Floor.

TO PROVE IS TO CONVINCE. Let us convince you by proving that

**CURACEA** (Regd.) LIQUID NERVE TONIC

is without doubt the best nerve tonic procurable to-day. For Neurasthenia, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Insomnia, Debility, Depression, Blushing etc., it gives instantly relief and speedy cure. Price 1/3, 2/9, & 5/- per bottle. To be obtained through Boots, Taylor, Parkes and all chemists, or direct post free. Send postcard for sample and literature to CURACEA Co., Sec. 21, Elm Grove, LONDON, S.E.15




*For 10 days only*

# John Bull's New Year's Gift to You

## A HALF-GUINEA PEN FREE!

So great has been the reception of our Sensational Free Gift Offer that we have decided to extend it for a further 10 days into the New Year.

This is positively your last chance to obtain TWO splendid "JOHN BULL" Pens at the price of ONE.

The Coupon below entitles every purchaser of an 8/9 "JOHN BULL" Self-Filling Pen (complete with every up-to-date improvement and equal to any 17/6 pen on the market) to receive one of our famous 10/6 Standard Model Pens, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST OR OBLIGATION.

Don't miss YOUR opportunity. Next week will be too late. ACT TO-DAY!

NOTE.—No Free Gift on orders received Mon., Jan. 9th.

"Better than pens at double the price."

3, Artesian Road, Bayswater, W.2.

"I recently purchased two pens on your Special Coupon for a total of 8/9. Having given both these pens a really good trial, I can now with all sincerity say that they are the best value I have ever obtained for such a small outlay. I have paid double for much advertised pens, and found them inferior in general appearance and manufacture to yours."

(Signed) D. HIGGINS."

*A touch of the lever and the pen is filled.*

YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF ARE NOT SAT.

THIS is the 'John Bull' Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen—hand engine-beautifully chased—safety cap—solid 14-ct. Gold Nib—price 8/9—equal to a 17/6 pen.

**FREE GIFT COUPON**

AVAILABLE FOR **10 DAYS**

To the Manager,
"John Bull" Pen Dept 57,
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I enclose (Cheque P.O. for ... 9d. for postage & in-... Please send me by ... a "John Bull" Self-Filling Model Pen FREE. New Year Gift Model Pen. I ... am over ... years of age. (Strike out Miss, Mrs. or Title not applicable.)

.....

.....

.....

Date.....

Write in PRINTED LETTERS J.B. 31. 12.21

# JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

*The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.*

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:*
*Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
*Whittier.*

**Vol. XXX. No. 813. Week ending Saturday, December 31st, 1921. Twopence.**


## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

*[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]*

### MR. BOTTOMLEY AND "JOHN BULL."

#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

*Odhams Press Limited, the Proprietors of "John Bull," have entered into arrangements with Mr. Bottomley under which he ceases to edit this journal from this issue. Mr. Bottomley finds it necessary at present to devote his whole attention to his personal and political affairs, and to the conduct of his two Sunday journals, "The Sunday Illustrated" and "Sunday Sports Telegram." The editorial conduct will in future devolve upon the present Assistant Editor, Mr. W. Charles Pilley, who, in collaboration with Mr. Bottomley for many years past has been actively identified with "John Bull." The whole of the present editorial staff, whose labours have raised this journal to its acknowledged position of influence and authority, are being retained. There will be no change whatever in the policy or aims of "John Bull" which will continue to uphold the standard of honesty and absolute independence in politics, to be the recognised champion of Service and ex-Service men, and in social life to protect "the bottom dog" against every form of injustice and oppression. Under this new arrangement it is confidently hoped and expected that "Write to 'John Bull' About It" will continue to be the most popular slogan of the day.*

**A Happy New Year!**

Just as last week we indulged in the time-honoured Christmas Greeting to our readers, we now tender them the kindred wish of "A Bright and Happy New Year," pointing out to such of them as believe in these things that 1921 added together make the unlucky number 13, while 1922 is a multiple of lucky number 7, and, containing two of its quantities, should bring us a double dose of good fortune. Farewell, therefore, to "A.D. 13"!

**Sunshine and Gloom.**

By the way, *apropos* of the time-honoured wish of a "Bright New Year," 1921 held a record for sunshine, but, on the other hand, was one of the most troublous in the history of our country. Nature and politics evidently do not blend.

**The Two Premiers.**

We do not know whether Mr. Lloyd George sees the French papers. If he does, he must be aware that the patience of our Ally is well nigh exhausted. This is about the last Conference which our neighbours will stand.

**Not Out of the Wood.**

We fear that it is still a long way to Tipperary; and our jubilations over Irish "peace" were a little premature. To put it plainly, there will be no real peace for at least a generation. During that period the two Irelands will have to work out their own destiny. *That* is the sum total of the "settlement." Meanwhile the British Parliament has "burnt its boats."

**Why We Abstained.**

The Independent Group were divided in opinion, Admiral Sueter and General Townshend being strongly opposed to the scheme on naval and military grounds respectively. For ourselves, we could not see our way to vote against the experiment, but we see so many obstacles in its way that we preferred to remain neutral.


BIGGEST EVER!!

£2,500

FOR ONLY TEN.

*Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.*


**The Premier's Holiday.**

Nobody will begrudge the Prime Minister his fortnight's holiday in the South of France. He must be fed up with conferences and negotiations, and it is hard luck that there has to be yet another Supreme Council confab at Cannes. Why not have had it in Paris on the way home?

**The General Election.**

If the Prime Minister has his way, the present Parliament will not be dissolved until after the passing of an Economy Budget and a House of Lords Reform Bill. One of the provisions of the latter measure will be the right of Ministers of the Crown to sit in both Houses.

**German Bluff!**

If the British Government swallows Germany's bluff about her inability to meet her Reparation payments, they will swallow anything. And what of the vast payments which she could make "in kind"—in the shape of raw material for the stimulation of our industries?

**Trouble in India.**

The news—that is to say, the real news—from India is very bad. The Prince should be recalled without delay—of course, for the purpose of attending his sister's wedding.

**The Pearson Memorial.**

We would direct the attention of every reader to the appeal on behalf of the Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund which appears on another page. The work of St. Dunstan's *must* go on. Money is sight to the blind.

**Submarines.**

Britain, apparently, is the only European Power which desires the abolition of the submarine. But with the Channel Tunnel it should be possible to fix up an apparatus which would signify the approach of any of these under-sea monsters.

**The Geddes Report.**

If the Report of the Geddes Committee on Public Expenditure is adopted by the Government, the Budget will be reduced by a hundred millions—a sum which represented the total expenditure of the nation twenty years ago, and, in the opinion of eminent statesmen, meant "heading for bankruptcy." It is now upwards of a thousand millions!

**Unlicensed Drivers**

In France—as Carpentier has just discovered—when they catch an owner of a car driving without a licence—they not only fine him, but also confiscate the car! An excellent example.

**Canadian Cattle.**

We quite agree that the present embargo upon the importation of Canadian cattle into Great Britain should be removed. The sooner, the better!

**Spiritual Brotherhood.**

So our dear old friend "Dagonet" has "got spiritualism," and, like our other distinguished confrère James Douglas, is "almost persuaded." We gather, however, that a third brother of the pen, Mr. Filson Young, who recently attended a séance with Sir A. Conan Doyle, has formed a very strong view relating to the genuineness of the phenomena he witnessed, and to which he proposes to give expression in the public Press.

**The Cheat's Charter.**

The decision of the Courts that "punters" who, under the recent House of Lords judgment, sue for the return of money paid by cheque, must furnish full details of the transactions to which the cheques relate, has come as a terrible shock to them. Our congratulations to Sir Harold Smith for discovering this check to the cheats.

**We Won the War!**

Mr. Hilton Young admitted to Mr. Spoor, in the House of Commons, that the amount received by Great Britain from Germany under reparation clauses of the Versailles treaty was "insufficient to cover the cost of the British Army of Occupation." And they say the Kaiser is about to get married again!

**A Commonsense View.**

We congratulate the Nottingham Magistrates on their sensible view of the stupid Shop Hours Act. When a batch of small tradesmen appeared before them, summoned for the trivial offence of keeping their shops open after eight o'clock, they dismissed the lot—the Chairman observing that a little common sense came into the matter. It's a pity this "commonsense" view is not more generally taken.

**Rattle His Bones!**

At a meeting of the Falmouth Board of Guardians, a member stated that, in the case of the burial of an inmate of the institution, the grave was so small that the coffin had to be tipped on end and left until the grave could be enlarged, and that it was not the first time such things had occurred at the same place. Poor paupers! They have little enough of comfort vouchsafed them in life; must they even be denied six feet of earth in their death sleep?

**Prefers Making Others' Fortunes.**

"The Helping Hand—How Fortunes are Made," advertises Mr. Stanley Bruce, of 192, Alexandra Road, N.W. 8. He offers applicants some "lessons" by which they are to become Crœsuses—by means of mail-order schemes. Although the nominal price is £5 5s., he is open to accept a fifth of that sum. Curiously enough, he is not sufficiently optimistic to run these schemes himself, and says frankly he has "nothing to sell but the lessons"! This, if we may say so, is a "fly in the ointment" which takes a lot of swallowing.

**No Dole, No Job.**

A pre-war pensioner of the Metropolitan Police applied to the Postmaster at Bridport for temporary employment during the Christmas pressure. The reply was that "all outside force has to be obtained through the Labour Exchange," but when he went there it was to be informed that its business was to find employment for men in receipt of the "dole" and not for such as he. Really, the business of the Labour Exchanges seems to be to get work for nobody, though the original idea was to assist all the unemployed.

**Bishop's "Lucky Bag" Raffled.**

Producing a capacious pillow-case at a bazaar at Mansfield, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham (Dr. Dunn) made a tour of the stalls, purchasing an article at each. These he deposited in the pillow-case, which was sealed up, and labelled, "The Bishop's Lucky Bag." The bag and its contents were afterwards "raffled," the prize going to the holder of the lucky ticket. The Bishop had the satisfaction of knowing that his "lucky bag" added substantially to the proceeds of the bazaar. We congratulate his Lordship on having escaped prosecution as a "rogue and vagabond" under our absurd Lottery Acts.

**Waiters' Woes.**

A British waiter, *apropos* of our advocacy of his fraternity, tells us the only job an English waiter can get is in out-of-the-way places where no foreigner will go. For 2½ years he tried to exist at a Bude hotel on a wage of £1 a week, less 1s. 2d. for insurance, etc. "If the Government would see that the managers at our leading hotels and restaurants employed British subjects," he adds, "it would help thousands of capable ex-Service men at present unemployed." We most heartily agree.

**Cruelty and Commonsense.**

When a man was fined five shillings at Southend for cruelty to two linnets and a chaffinch by using them as brace birds, the R.S.P.C.A. Inspector stated that there was no law against using brace birds, but there existed a law against using unnecessary cruelty towards any animal. But surely it is cruelty to decoy and snare wild birds in order to imprison them in cages to cry out the rest of their little lives in captivity, whatever means are used. We think so, at any rate.

*Here's Music for New Year Parties*

For your New Year Party, get a copy of the "JOHN BULL" SONG AND DANCE ANNUAL to entertain your friends, it contains 16 Star Songs, 3 Up-to-date Dances and the Chorus of "Whispering"—Melodies your friends will enjoy.

"JOHN BULL" SONG & DANCE ANNUAL

*On sale everywhere* - - - - 1/6

**Overcrowding and Immorality.**

"Sleeping in one bedroom at one of the cottages are six adults, including a young woman of eighteen years. If you saw the condition of the bedroom as I saw it, you would wonder what century we are living in," says the Medical Officer of Chertsey. Yes, we do wonder sometimes. And when a Councillor refers to "something even worse than bad housing conditions—absolute continuous immorality," and says "I admire people who say they would rather live in stables or cowsheds than remain under such conditions," we agree.

**Starved to Death.**

A year ago, Mr. Dan Spooner, of Colchester, wrote to the Sudbury Board of Guardians offering to find work for one Elija Holmes and pay him either 34s. a week without board or 15s. a week with board and lodging. His offer, which was very kindly meant, was refused, as it was less than the minimum wage fixed by the Wages Board. Mr. Spooner now informs us—as he has informed the Sudbury Guardians—that as no one else would give the man work, he died a week ago from starvation, and asks at whose door the death of this man lies. Certainly not at Mr. Spooner's.

**A "Fowl" Decree.**

There's a flutter of indignation among the many thrifty citizens of Nottingham. Eggs being still such costly luxuries, these worthies have been going in for poultry keeping on a small scale. However, the Corporation has recently issued a sweeping and peremptory decree that "all fowls in back-yards and other unsuitable places must be removed within the next two months." Surely, all the circumstances—especially whether the profitable birds constitute a "nuisance"—should have been taken into consideration? What a land of liberty is ours!

**"Take's the Biscuit."**

Flour is cheaper and bread has fallen in price, yet biscuits are as dear as ever. Why? Not because of sugar and lard, for they, too, have fallen. To-day, biscuits that before the war were sold at 7d. per pound are 1s. 8d. to 2s. If this is due, as some allege, to a combine, it is time others combined to smash it.

**Loud Cheers**

That Mr. J. H. Thomas's libel action, in which he was awarded £2,000 damages, has been of public service in more ways than one is shown by the *Communist* being compelled to announce a reduction in size, and the indefinite suspension of payment to contributors. "Mr. Thomas's libel action has given the *coup-de-grace*," says the *Communist*. Well, so much the better for that.

**Overtime in Hammersmith.**

Notwithstanding that there are about twelve thousand men out of employment in Hammersmith, a large number of workshops and factories in the neighbourhood are working overtime four or five evenings a week, as well as on Sundays. This sort of thing is selfish, reprehensible and provocative. If the extra work must be done, let it be given to unemployed men and women who have hungry mouths to fill.

**Down in Devon.**

If the P.M.G. will kindly cast his weather eye in the direction of Babbacombe, he will find cause for complaint. Not only are many pillar-boxes thereabouts yearning for a coat of paint, but there are no indications thereon as to times of collection. Further, the sub-offices in the vicinity are closed between the hours of 1 and 2. So there you are—quite a nice collection of drawbacks, of which, unhappily, Babbacombe does not enjoy a monopoly. Wake up, Kellaway!

**The Worst Case!**

We are accustomed to undue leniency in dealing with cases of cruelty to animals, but the following surely caps them all. When Oliver Snell, a wood dealer of Sidmouth, was charged with working a horse in an unfit state, the Inspector said the horse was attached to a wagon, and described the wounds under the saddle and collar. Seeing that a wood dealer's wagon is continually being started and stopped, it is easy to understand the frightful agony the poor beast must have endured. The Police Sergeant said it was *the worst case of wounds he had ever met with.* Snell was fined *five shillings*

**A Misnomer.**

Walter Allison, of Stornoway Road, Southchurch, was summoned at Southend for assaulting Ethel Lacey, a young cinema attendant. Allison entered her room, pulled the bedclothes off her, dragged her out of bed and shook her. And all, forsooth, because the girl's mother, defendant's landlady, had omitted to provide him with gas. The Mayor of Southend, in imposing a fine of £2, remarked: "It was a wicked thing to do. Very few men would have had the courage to attempt to do it." We trust His Worship has been misreported. If not, we advise him to pay more attention to English etymology. It needs no courage to ill-use a young and defenceless girl. The action of Allison was that of a coward.

**Are you in trouble?—Write to JOHN BULL about it.**

**Huns Homing.**

The *London Gazette* recently published the names of more than six hundred former enemy aliens who landed in this country during the month of November. This is just an advance light brigade. And what have they come for? To turn more British ex-Service men out of their jobs. Ours is a happy home, ours is—for Huns!

**Faithful Service.**

Another splendid veteran to whom we take our hat off! Mr. Tom Pratt, of Grantham, completed 65 years of unbroken service as compositor on the *Grantham Journal* on the day that he celebrated his 80th birthday. He declines to retire, and still attends the office regularly. Moreover, he is never late for work. We feel sure his employers will give him a reference when he does desire to make a change.

**Aladdin—from Australia.**

Hot from the press comes an advertisement of "Thousands of Situations awaiting men on Australian farms. Great prospects of ultimate independence." The bright-eyed spinner of this fairy tale is the Australian Representative, Watford Labour Exchange. If he doesn't know the facts—that unemployment is rife in Australia, and immigrants, to put it mildly, unwelcome—we can tell him what they are. If he *does* know the facts—we can tell him what *he* is!

**Favouring the Foreigner.**

It is possible to print, wrap, address and post circulars and catalogues from the Continent at one-sixth the cost of British charges! Many firms are doing this, with much profit to the alien. Other firms, unwilling to make use of the foreigner, dispense with the publicity, and again the Briton loses. With commonsense and plain facts against him, Mr. Kellaway apparently still sees some mysterious virtue in his high postal rates. Oh, for a business G.P.O.

**Not Greedy—but Like a Lot!**

The Stow (Glo'ster) Rural District Council apparently intend to solve their unemployment problem—by making work burdensome and idleness attractive. As far as their own employees are concerned, the Council has resolved to "insist on a full 48 hours per week, with no half-holiday on Saturdays." A further resolution to reduce the wages from £1 to 15s. "met with general approval." If any able-bodied man should break into song on the joys of working from Monday morning to Saturday night for 3¾d. an hour, there will now be a certain amount of point in telling him to "Stow it!"

**"Mary Jane."**

From what "Mary Jane" of Coventry whispers to us, it is clear our notion that present-day conditions of domestic service are lovely is erroneous. She works from morn to night and from night to morn, she says; but this is probably a wilful whopper or a dreadful exaggeration. What, at any rate, she demands for female domestic servants is service by the hour, and eight hours a day. "Fancy yourself," she remarks, "tied up for a whole year, obliged to ask for permission to post a letter, and a few hours a week let out for a run like a little puppy on a cord." Sorry; but we cannot so fancy ourselves.

**Heartbreak Land.**

At an inquest held at Walsall on an ex-soldier who, in despair, had drowned himself in the canal, it was stated that he served four years in the war and was gassed and wounded. He first had a pension of 12s. a week, which was reduced to 8s., and then stopped altogether. He had been out of work the whole year, and when no longer entitled to unemployment pay, had finally to apply to the Guardians for relief. On returning home the heartbreaking cry burst from him: "Is this the country I fought for?" Small wonder that, not recognising it, he sought a way out. It is becoming rather difficult to recognise "Merrie England" in this land of heartbreak.

**When "Peace" Means the Sack.**

It is expected that, the Irish Free State once in being, practically all officials appointed by the Imperial Government will cease to be so employed, and by the terms of the Treaty they are to receive compensation. But what of the numbers of ex-soldiers engaged temporarily as clerks and in similar humble capacities? Regarded as "enemies" by the Sinn Feiners, it is hardly probable that the "Peace" will obliterate all hostile feeling. They served faithfully under unpleasant and even dangerous conditions, and some effort should be made to prevent their being stranded amongst a people whose attitude will scarcely be friendly.

**15 stories for 1/-** PAN—*the best fiction value on the Bookstalls.* **Get your copy TO DAY**

**Any Old Excuse.**

Before joining up and serving four years, an ex-Tommy lived in the Westend district of Southampton. During the war his home was sold and his wife compelled to take rooms. On his return, he applied for one of the Council houses, then building. While waiting, there being no rooms in Westend, he obtained a couple of small ones in the Bitterne area, and now is refused a Westend Council house, as he lives out of that district! But, strangely enough, the Council—so particular in his case—has actually let houses to others who do not, and never did, live in the district. It seems that housing, like kissing, "goes by favour."

**A "Contemptible" Indeed.**

Frederick George Smith, 22, of Gertrude Street, Chelsea, is an auxiliary postman employed at Putney Sorting Office. He was detected stealing letters, the majority of which were addressed to soldiers at the Military Convalescent Home at Roehampton. Many of these, of course, contained money, possibly sent by relatives who could ill afford it, and the mean skunk was reaping a good harvest. In sentencing him to five months' imprisonment Mr. Halkett, the Magistrate, told Smith that it was "a contemptible form of dishonesty to interfere with these poor fellows' letters." We fancy that some of the inmates of the Home, though not in the best of training, would like five minutes alone with the thief.

**Don't Accelerate!**

A street dealer who was recently arrested as he was hurrying along near the Haymarket and charged with unlawful possession of four dolls he was carrying, exclaimed to the Magistrate at Marlborough Street, "But I bought them! I can take any police officer to the place!" The Magistrate took him at his word, and the Constable on returning had to admit that the man had told the truth, and he was at once discharged. The only explanation of the arrest was that he "accelerated his pace when he saw a policeman." Too bad!

**To the Rescue!**

We are sure the poor of Lambeth are grateful to Messrs. Rumble, Dawson, Beard, Mead and the other big-hearted ladies and gentlemen who subscribed to the relief fund for the St. John's Mutual Loan and Investment Society, of St. Thomas' Hall, Waterloo Road, which had a deficit of £700 owing to the defalcations of the treasurer, ("Peggy") William Robert Brown. Every shareholder received 23s. 10d. per 6d. share. Undoubtedly the kindly donors enjoyed their Christmas dinner the more knowing that the needy were not going without.

**An Unnatural Parent.**

Some men look upon the robbing of bookmakers as a legitimate proceeding, and though of course we do not sympathise with this point of view, we recognise that there are worse crimes in the calendar. But George Rudolph Helm, of Southwark, described as a music-hall artist, put himself right outside the pale when he induced his own daughter, a post-office assistant, to take a hand in his swindles. He persuaded her to insert the names of winning horses in telegrams he sent to a Mr. James Hammond. "It was an extremely mean sort of fraud," said Mr. Clarke Hall, at Old Street, when sentencing Helm to four months' imprisonment. We hope that the authorities will reinstate the girl.

**Rough Luck.**

On the face of it, it seems that Mr. W. J. Viall, who for 30 years has been an employee of the East Ham Council, merits our sympathy. Though his wife lived for 12 years with another man, she was successful in obtaining an order for 25s. maintenance against him. Twice he has had to go to prison for not paying the money. He appealed against the order, but reversal was refused; in connection with which he had to appear at Bow County Court to answer a judgment summons for £21 8s. 3d. for legal costs. He offered to pay 2s. 6d. a month; but the Judge, though acknowledging that the merits were all on the side of the husband, made an order for 7s. 6d. We presume that Viall condoned his wife's wrong-doing in some way. It seems hard, however, to pay maintenance to a woman unfaithful for so long.

**Start the New Year Well!**

This is the second week of our offer of a First Prize of £500 in "Bullets" Competition No. 434. Readers who have not taken advantage during the Christmas holidays of this splendid opportunity to swell their balance at the bank by so handsome a sum, still stand as good a chance as those who were earlier in the Competition field. Do not let what was omitted at Christmas be missed on New Year's Day. The £500 must be won. *You* may be the winner!

Have your friends deserted you?—Let JOHN BULL fill the gap.

# LIFE SENTENCES ON CHILDREN.

## CRUEL AND TYRANNICAL AWARDS FROM WHICH THERE IS NO APPEAL.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY (*Assistant Editor*).

IN 1915, while her father was fighting for his country, a fourteen-year-old Willesden girl, whose name has been given us in confidence, was relegated for life by a Magistrate to a Mentally Defective Institution, on the ground that her parents consent had been "unreasonably withheld." The father, it should be noted, knew nothing of the matter, but is to-day endeavouring to recover his daughter, who can cook, sew and write a good letter. The authorities refuse her release unless she is first transferred to a Church Army home intended primarily for fallen women, and as the parents object to this, the girl, though quite sane and normal, is detained at the expense of the State.

### A Ghastly Anomaly.

This girl—and hundreds like her—are victims of a ghastly anomaly; an outrage on law and commonsense. They are imprisoned for life without any right of appeal. The criminal, who after a careful trial in public, is sent to jail, or the scaffold, can have his sentence reviewed by three judges of the High Court. The man or woman found insane, sometimes wrongly, may, if their friends insist, be examined under the Lunacy Laws by two independent medical men. But the girl who, neither a criminal nor a lunatic, but only dull and backward, has passed from a "Special" school—"silly" schools the parents call them—into a State institution for the Mentally Defective, may never be seen again. There is no appeal against the order of the Magistrate who sent her there. The Magistrate acts, of course, on the report of a doctor, but, as Mr. Leslie Scott, K.C., M.P., has warned us, these doctors sometimes make mistakes, "grave errors of wrong diagnosis," which means that people are confined who are not really deficient. And the pity, the tragedy of it is that these poor girls get worse instead of better in the hells to which they are sent—for hells they are. Dr. Annie Gowdie, Medical Officer of Health under the London County Council, tells of one victim who was punished for a breach of the regulations by solitary confinement for ten weeks—an inhuman sentence enough by itself to turn an hysterical girl into a raving lunatic. Others are put in padded cells and occasionally fed upon bread and water. Such treatment inevitably leads in every case to violent outbreaks, to frenzy and despair. It is actually a provocation of insanity. And the girls who suffer it, remember, are guilty of no crime save that of being poor and defenceless. Dr. Gowdie states that in one case

> "a bright and intelligent girl, has been pronounced to be beyond the control of her parents because she played truant at school. She was sent to an Industrial School and then placed on probation. She was not criminal, but was charged with assaulting a Police Constable. Her defence was that he attempted to enter her bedroom. She was then sent to a State Institution for Mental Defectives."

Sometimes, of course, in a few cases, the girls are released "on licence" and allowed to earn their own living in the world outside, which is all they, most of them, want to do. But the licence is revocable at a moment's notice and anyone who has a "down" on the girl can report her for violent conduct and get her imprisoned again. A lunatic, it should be noted, once he has escaped, and has been at large for fourteen days, must be re-certified before he is again confined. But these girls, who are not lunatics, are at the mercy of any inspector who chooses to cart them off.

### No Appeal.

It is time, high time, that Parliament gave to children what they have conceded to every adult man and woman—the right of appeal. Sentences by magistrates upon boys and girls, no less than upon men, should be revised, where necessary, by Judges. Almost daily the papers report sickening cases where magistrates have, with incredible callousness, sent some poor lad away for years to an Industrial School, for the crime of picking apples or playing truant. The parents are too poor to resist, but—they are made to pay for the upkeep of the child though they never see him. The poor feel these enforced separations bitterly. "It is the hardest thing in the world," a doctor once told me, "to wrench a child away from its mother, who will insist, so long as there is breath in her body, in fighting for her child." Alas, to-day she fights in vain against the cruel, soulless bureaucracy that is always ready to turn the misfortune of the poor to its own profit. For do not let us forget that these certified Institutes, Industrial Schools, Reformatories and the like, while they cost the tax-payer tens of thousands of pounds per annum, provide plenty of "cushy jobs" for well-paid officials.

### The Root of the Matter.

In fact, if we probe into the matter, we shall find that the real reason why these harmless girls and high-spirited boys are taken away from their homes and parents to live at the expense of the State is that this provides any number of lucrative appointments for the new bureaucracy, who are intent on living at the public expense. There are to-day a small army of well-paid inspectors, doctors, health visitors and attendants, who do themselves very well out of this new "stunt." We have only to look at the "tests" prepared for the so-called mental deficients to realise what a paying game it is. For instance, a girl who has reached the age of sixteen in a special school has to define, among other words, the following: "Homunculus"; "Theosophy"; "Ambergris," and "Sudorific." And if she fails, she is liable to be kept in a certified Institution for the rest of her natural life. Is it not time that we found out how much this foolery costs the nation and who gets the benefit? When the Mental Deficiency Act was passed, it was never contemplated that it should be used as an engine of oppression for the children of the poor, and I am satisfied that if only the public were more thoroughly aware of what is going on, there would be a wave of protest from one end of the country to the other. The fact is, that the whole treatment of the insane in the United Kingdom calls urgently for the revision in the light of humanity and common sense.

---

## A NOBLE RISK.

### WOMAN'S LOVE AVERTS THE DOWNWARD PATH.

At Old Street, Arthur Maskell confessed to having stolen four rolls of cloth, value £100, from his employer. The police testified that previously he had been found guilty of larceny and immoral offences, though the last conviction was eight years ago. Then a girl stepped forward and stated that arrangements had been made for their marriage at a Registry Office. She would like to marry him before he went to prison in order that when he came out he would have a home and a wife to come back to. Mr. Clarke Hall, the Magistrate, pointed out that some of the offences, from the point of view of a girl, were very serious. It was a terrible risk to take. "I do it with a brave heart, because he has confessed," the girl replied. The Magistrate complimented her, but said he could not help her. Maskell was sentenced to four months' hard labour. Which, perhaps, is as well; for it will give the girl time to assure herself that she does really love and trust the man sufficiently to take the risk. If she decides that she does, we for one would not venture to influence her. Maskell cannot be altogether bad to have won the affections of this girl; and the faith and love of such a mate might well redeem all but the very worst.

## THE FOLLY OF PROHIBITION.

### A PEN-PICTURE OF ITS EVIL CONSEQUENCES.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn has written a strong article in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* about Prohibition in the States after a year's visit. "As a looker-on I am appalled and horrified. There may be other nations in the world more drunken, but there is no other civilised country where to be drunk in society is not considered a disgrace. But many apparent ladies and gentlemen of America—social leaders—just laugh at their members being drunk, and put no ban upon them." She tells how almost every host now seems to press alcohol upon his guests before, through, and after dinner. The Prohibition laws were rushed through while the young men were away fighting in France, and the present excess is largely due to anger at their betrayal. The difficulty of obtaining good liquor in reasonable quantities, at reasonable prices, has driven them to worse things, and the whole youth of the nation is being undermined. Even schoolgirls drink freely, and the general moral effect can better be imagined than described. Yet there are purblind idiots in this country who would have us travel along the same road. We hope and believe that the good sense of the nation will preserve us from such suicidal folly.

## TRAGEDY OF TWO.

### UNRESTRAINED PASSION BLIGHTS TWO LIVES.

Good-looking, young and of fine physique, John Elliott was, at Edinburgh, found guilty of an improper assault upon a respectable girl of twenty. They had been to a dance, which they left together at four o'clock in the morning. Against her will, he wheeled her bicycle, upon which she intended to travel the few miles back to the house where she was employed. Reaching a lonely part of the road, he dropped the machine, seized the girl, and threw her upon the embankment. In spite of her struggles, he overcame her resistance. Elliott had a good Army record, and it was pleaded on his behalf that he received a certain amount of encouragement, and that he was carried away by passion. If this were indeed so, surely no girl would be so cruel as to deny him the mitigation—for the man's sentence of five years' penal servitude is a terrible one. If it were not so, as she states, then surely he deserved it; for, as the Judge remarked, conduct of this kind must be stamped out. At the same time, his Lordship recognised that the prisoner was not of the usual criminal type. That two bright young lives should be so ruined for want of a little self-control is sad in the extreme.

**At solving Legal Tangles there is no greater expert than JOHN BULL.**

## A LIVING SKELETON.

### SHOCKING CRUELTY TO AN UNWANTED CHILD.

Of all cases of cruelty to children, there is none more brutal and repulsive, or which should make a stronger appeal to the sympathies of all right-minded people, than the ill-treatment of the illegitimate. Nor is there, in this class of crime, anything which indicates a more complete and inhuman depravity on the part of the evil-doers, or which is deserving of greater censure or heavier punishment. These unfortunate mites are entirely at the mercy of their heartless tormentors; they have no relatives to whom they can appeal for pity, and in most cases it is only by the merest chance and the good offices of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that their sufferings are ever brought to light. Here is a case in point. Gladys May Voisey, an illegitimate child of fourteen, was in the hands of a pair of brutes named James Hockman and his wife, Violet Emily Hockman, who live in a single room in North Street, Clapham.

KEPT WITHOUT FOOD.

This wretched couple made the child into a drudge—a hopeless, helpless slave. Worse than a slave—for they did not even feed her. She was brutally assaulted if she did not do what she was told, and was made to sleep on a dirty mattress placed in a corner of the room, from which she was roused early in the morning to do the housework. One day, this poor waif was found wet through, having been forced by her brutal ill-users to remain out in the rain in her scanty clothing, and was taken to the Society's Inspector. He avers that when brought to him she was so emaciated that she was more like a skeleton than a living human being. Although she was fourteen years of age, she weighed no more than fifty pounds. She was given food and taken to the Workhouse. Think of this poor girl, so soon to be on the threshold of womanhood, living such a life throughout her young years, with none to succour or pity until her plight accidentally became public. The story was told at the South-Western Police Court, when her wretched persecutors were charged with neglecting and assaulting her. The male—we cannot give him the name of man—had the audacity to admit striking her because she, a starving child, ate some bread and cheese which belonged to him. A hungry dog might attempt to steal a man's dinner and suffer nothing worse than having a boot thrown at him!

AN INADEQUATE SENTENCE.

And what was the penalty? Did the man get what he deserved—six months in gaol and a taste of the "cat"? Did the woman who had played her part in the shameful affair suffer the punishment alone suitable for the crime? Did the Magistrate, appalled as he must have been at the hideous circumstances of the case, condemn the prisoners in a manner which indicated his sympathy for the poor child and his disgust at the cowardly pair who had so brutally ill-used her? Will the prisoners, as a result of the penalties inflicted upon them for their terrible conduct, learn a lesson the memory of which will serve to alter their tactics in the future? Oh, dear, no! Hockman was sent to prison for a month, and his partner in shame was bound over to be of good conduct! We really cannot understand how it was that Mr. Forbes Lankester, K.C., the Magistrate, was so merciful. True, he expressed surprise that the male defendant should resent the fact that the girl ate some of his food, when she was almost at her last gasp. "You can't complain of her doing that," said the Magistrate, "if she was being starved"—but that was as far as his righteous indignation went, because the sentence passed was inadequate. Other brutes will not thus be deterred from committing equally revolting ass...

## COME INSIDE!

### PENNY EGGS AND MILK 11d. A GALLON!

According to certain disclosures made at a General Purposes Committee meeting in Canterbury, vigorous action with an axe or broom is seriously needed. Whatever may have been his motive, one at least of the ratepayers recently sought some information from Councillor Barrett, touching the Mental Hospital, and got for his pains sundry items which should please his fellow ratepayers. It appears that the Asylum runs a farm, and produces eggs. The farm only charges the Hospital 2½d. each, but the Medical Superintendent has been supplied with eggs at one penny each, although the wretched ratepayer pays up to 5d.! The excuse of the Committee was that the Superintendent was once permitted to buy at wholesale price—when the rate was 1s. a dozen—and nobody had thought of the increased value of eggs. Apparently, also, this free and easy method had been adopted with regard to hay for the worthy Superintendent's pony—he was still getting it gratis; and as another little "perk," free employment of patients at his house; also apparently he enjoyed, with the Asylum Staff, milk at 11d. per gallon, when common people who merely paid rates had to pay 3s. per gallon. Certainly, in these hard times a Medical Superintendent's job is better than nothing. The foregoing is far from pleasant reading for people whose money is occasionally required to subsidise these luxuries, but the running of the Asylum Farm is an even better testimonial to those responsible. With free labour from the patients, no rent, rates and taxes, there had been a loss of £305! But the most astounding aspect of the position appears in the threat by the Asylum Committee that, if a "neutral inquiry" is made, they will all resign! We can hardly estimate what the full weight of this catastrophe might be, but most Canterbury people will agree it will be cheap at the price!

## THE WAKEFORD CASE.

### INCREASING DEMAND FOR PETITION FORMS.

The interest aroused with regard to the public Petition to the King for the re-opening of the Wakeford case has proved well-nigh overwhelming. Applications for the forms continue to arrive almost every hour by telegram, letter and postcard, while a large number of callers make their applications in person. For the benefit of those of our readers who have not already seen the announcement we publish again this week the places where the Petition can be signed:—

BRISTOL:
The Bristol Advertising Co., 1 and 2, Broad Quay, Tramway Centre.

DUBLIN:
Messrs. MacArthur & Co., 79, Talbot Street.

LONDON:
The JOHN BULL Pen Shops at—
19, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.
265, Strand, W.C. 2.
323, High Holborn, W.C. 1.
72, New Oxford Street, W.C. 1.
1, Cannon Street Station Approach, E.C.
87, Long Acre, W.C. 2.
JOHN BULL Editorial Offices (first floor), 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

PORTSMOUTH:
JOHN BULL Pen Shop, 214, Commercial Road.

Copies of the Petition can be obtained by our country readers from the Chief Commissioner, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, who will also be pleased to supply a copy of Mr. W. Charles Pilley's intensely interesting book, "The Mystery of the Wakeford Case," on receipt of one shilling.

## AN INDUSTRIAL PLAGUE SPOT.

### TERRIBLE CONDITIONS OF LABOUR AT THE DOCKS.

In a recent issue we protested strongly against the conditions and nature of the employment of boys in the Liverpool Docks, and our protest proved to be but the pioneer of more disclosures. According to authentic information, the conditions in the London Docks are worse than the Mersey-side, though this is denied by the Thames Dock Proprietors and Ship Repairers' Association. It should be noted, however, that our accusations dealt specifically with the *conditions* of this perilous occupation. We laid particular stress on the callous inhumanity of using boy labour—whether cheap or otherwise—for what is essentially adult work. The Association, in an interview with a representative of the daily press, spent ninety per cent. of its refutation in dealing with *wages*. It is possible—and indeed, on the face of it, probable—that the wages loom larger in their eyes than the lives or health of the boys. But it is time that public pressure should reverse this order.

PERILOUS WORK.

The Association admits sending boys into hot boilers, and emphasises that men enter them as well as the boys. In what measure does the presence of the men alleviate the terrible act of sending the boys into the boilers at all? Men hardened to the job of cleaning these boilers may suffer little, yet they demand extra pay as proof of the risk—but unformed and growing lads are doomed without escape to an impairment of health which can never be remedied. Again, the Association says "we do not send boys into bilges as a rule." This may be true, but sending them into bilges at all is grossly unfair. The lame and halting reply of this Association is its own condemnation. Let them deny that there are cases where these lads, driven by need to take chances which common humanity forbids, are put to work on boilers filled with poisonous and suffocating fumes, far too hot for men, hard and experienced at the work as they may be, to undertake without high pay. If they cannot deny this ghastly thing, then it remains for the public to enforce such restrictions as shall rob them of this pence-saving source of labour.

COMPENSATION ESSENTIAL.

In such instances, compensation or reparation should be demanded. But it may be justly asked, if the employers deny these evils—or are indifferent to the consequences—what of the powerful Boilermakers' Society? Mr. John Hill, the Secretary, committed himself to the opinion, according to a report, that "it was very regrettable that young lads should be so badly used, and it was not unknown to the Society. It had been going on for a long time, but it was difficult to see how they could take steps to stop it." This attitude is as pitiful as that of the employers is evasive. How did they take steps to stop adults from too early an entrance into scalding hot boilers, and to enforce the rule that if, for urgent reasons, a man entered a hot boiler before 24 hours had elapsed since steam was blown off, he received, even if he had worked less than an hour, two days' pay? Mr. Hill testified that "the work was exceedingly dangerous for boys, and there had been numerous deaths, both from immediate and after-effects." But the Boilermakers' Society does not know how to stop it, and the employers neither deny it nor propose to stop it. We know how to stop it—by forbidding, under penalty of imprisonment for the person guilty of the act, the employment of boys either for hot boiler or bilge work. And the Home Office or the Board of Trade should do it now!

...e to JOHN ... it with a JOHN BULL Pen.

# ANOTHER GRAVE COURT-MARTIAL SCANDAL.

## YOUNG SOLDIER FLUNG INTO GAOL ON FLIMSY CHARGE OF STEALING FROM THE HUNS.

THERE is at present languishing in the Military Prison at Cologne a young soldier convicted by Court-Martial of a serious crime on evidence of so flimsy a character that—with a wide experience in such matters—we say unhesitatingly no judge and jury would have felt justified in convicting. Robert Calvert comes of a family which has to its credit seven generations of unblemished service in the fighting Service of the King. He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery at the age of fourteen, representing himself as being older than his actual years. By diligence and devotion to duty he rose to the rank of Lance-Sergeant after eight years' service. In March last he was transferred from his own Battery, at that time serving with the British Army of Occupation in Upper Silesia, to the 65th Battery, R.F.A. From the moment of his arrival with his new unit, he appears to have met with a considerable amount of opposition and jealousy on the part of the older non-commissioned officers of the Battery.

### A BITTER COMPLAINT.

This opposition and jealousy appear to hav affected his sensitive disposition very keenly. In one of his first letters home after his transfer, he complained bitterly to his parents in the following terms: "I appear to be up against some senior non-commissioned ranks apparently because I am too good a soldier to meet with their views." In a subsequent letter he declared his intention of "flinging in his stripes," because his brother non-commissioned officers were doing their best to make his life a misery. In the hope that he might obtain a little peace, he even suggested reverting to the rank of private. It was this incident that elicited the high regard in which the boy was held by his officers. His parents, sorrowing to see their son's hard-earned promotion flung aside, as they thought, in foolish forfeit, wrote to his Commanding Officer, inquiring as to the facts of the matter. They received a reply in the following terms:—

65th Bty.,
3rd Bde.,
Royal Field Artillery,
B.F.R.
21st June, 1921.

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your letter about your son, Sig. Calvert; concerning his giving up his stripes. I am his Section Officer, and can assure you that you need not worry about him, as he only lost them temporarily as the result of a bit of a dust up which any soldier might get into, I was sorry to lose him as an N.C.O., as he is one of the best men I have in my Section, in every way, and have personally recommended him for promotion again, which he is now on the point of getting.

Everyone is liable to get into rows at times and I have been in them myself; and it does no one much harm. Your son is still in the Battery and still in my Section, and I shall endeavour to keep him there, as good men in these days are fairly rare. I hope that this will cause you to stop worrying, as I assure you there is no need to.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) M. F. T. BAINS,
Lieut. R.F.A.

Not very long after this, several cases of highway robbery with violence occurred. A number of Germans were held up at the point of the revolver, and had watches and money taken from them, notably on the 2nd of July. Over a month later, the boy was astounded to find himself charged on four counts with robbery with violence and alternatively receiving stolen property. The basis of these charges was that in his absence an inventory of his kit was made by his own Sergeant-Major—a most unusual and extraordinary proceeding—and three watches were stated to have been found concealed in the lining of the sleeve of his great-coat. Calvert professed complete ignorance regarding these watches, which he believes must have been "planted" on him by the actual thieves, whoever they were. Four identification parades were held. At one of these one of the German complainants "thought" he recognised Calvert as one of his assailants, but failed to identify him on three subsequent occasions. To cut a long, sad story short, Calvert was convicted by Field General Court-Martial of receiving stolen property though not of robbery with violence, on the evidence of one British non-commissioned officer, who cannot in all the circumstances be regarded as entirely disinterested, and four Germans, who cannot in any circumstances be relied upon as being truthful, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, to be followed by dismissal from the Service with ignominy. The sentence was afterwards reduced to one year's imprisonment to be followed by dismissal with ignominy.

### HEART-BROKEN PARENTS.

There are two points which emerge from the amazing case. The first is that on the evidence before them, no judge and jury would have found it possible to bring in any verdict other than an acquittal. The second is that even had a verdict of guilty been permissible, the sentence is monstrously harsh. Had Calvert been convicted in a Civil Court by a judge and jury, his wonderful, unblemished record would have secured him the leniency provided in such cases by the First Offenders' Act, and he would have been bound over. His heart-broken parent, have appealed to the Secretary of State for Was in vain. They now appeal to us, and we pass on their appeal to the great British public.

## LIGHT AND LUCKY.

### MARYHILL MAGISTRATES' LENIENCE TO LARRIKINS.

In many populous districts the effect of the Communist propaganda which has been so sedulously spread among young people of both sexes, is painfully apparent in the behaviour of adolescent boys and girls. Youths roam about in rowdy bands, insulting, hustling, often robbing and terrorising respectable citizens. A particularly abominable outrage was recently committed at Maryhill, Glasgow, by six "larrikins" of this type, whose ages range from 16 to 21 years. Carefully choosing their time, they invaded a tea-shop when the proprietor was absent and a young girl was the only person in the place. After ordering and consuming various eatables, they, instead of paying, proceeded to smash the crockery, and loot the till. Worst of all, one of them, a youth named Hamilton, on the specious pretence of helping to clear up the mess, followed the poor, terrified girl into an inner room, and there attempted to commit a criminal assault upon her. Fortunately he was unable to accomplish his vile purpose, for the gang deemed it advisable to make off with their spoils, and got clear away for the moment. Thanks, however, to the acumen of Detective Buchan, the whole six were arrested next day. The complacent Bench merely fined five of them half-a-guinea each, while the young ruffian Hamilton—who appears to have been the leader, and against whom a previous conviction was proved—was mulcted in one guinea, with the alternative of fourteen days in gaol! So far from constituting a deterrent, let alone a punishment, such absurd lenience is an absolute incentive to these egregious and dangerous younsters to continue their career of crime.

## HUNS' NEW HYMN OF HATE.

### PERNICIOUS PROPAGANDA IN OCCUPIED LANDS.

There has lately come into the hands of the Allied military authorities in the occupied territory an almanac which, it has been ascertained, is being sold in great quantities throughout Hunland. On the cover of the calendar is a picture of Strasburg Cathedral with the inscription "Deutsches Land in Feindes Hand," which, for the benefit of those happily unacquainted with the barbarous tongue, we take leave to translate as "German Lands in Enemy Hands." Each page of the almanac contains a picture of some part of the Territory handed over to France, Belgium or Poland under the Treaty of Versailles, accompanied by an inscription signed by noteworthy Huns. The sentiment of this is indicated by the following: "A deep sorrow must torture every German as long as we have not driven the enemy from the country. Only those things will be lost for us which we have renounced. Let us watch, and our Eastern provinces will again become German. Let us not rest until the Territory which has been stolen from us again becomes ours. Houses of Alsace, hearths of Alsace, you will again become German by the German sword. Hate will overthrow mountains; German people, learn to hate. We await the propitious hour when the sound of the bells will call us up again to demand from the enemy our lost territories and to avenge our ruined happiness. The sun itself will leap for joy on that holy day when the German language is no longer employed to lament over the lost territories, when once again it rings out 'Deutschland uber Alles.'" There's a nice, repentant, shake-hands-and-be-brothers sort of spirit for you!

## LET 'EM STARVE!

### BY-LAWS MORE IMPORTANT THAN RATEPAYERS.

Several weeks ago, certain ex-Servicemen of Surbiton, tired of the unsuccessful quest for work, conceived a plan whereby they might each earn an honest living and, at the same time, ease things for their fellows still out of employment. On being approached, a Mr. Rudge sympathised with their project, and let a piece of vacant land in ten-foot plots at a low rent, free from taxes. Having surmounted their initial difficulty, the little band of anxious and earnest men agreed among themselves as to the use of the plots. They proposed to retail fish, greengrocery and so forth, eleven different commodities being represented, including a coffee-stall. The cost of obtaining the plots, however, having proved less expensive than anticipated, collapsible huts were decided upon, as giving better protection from the weather and pilfering than stalls. Application was accordingly made to the Council for permission to place these temporary affairs upon the space available. Had this been granted, these men could have made a living; their expenses being low they could have supplied the poorer folk of the neighbourhood cheaply; and as there were no houses opposite or on either side, there was no question of a nuisance or eyesore. One would imagine a public body, in gratitude to the men who fought, or in human sympathy with those "up against it," or even, from the point of view of the ratepayers, would have lent consent to such a temporary measure. But the Surbiton Council peremptorily refused, and these men must fall back on the "dole" or starve. The ratepayers should demand an explanation.

# SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

## PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

## THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

THE theory of the Divine Right of Kings cost Charles I. his head. The Divine Right of Dukes would stand still less chance in the 20th century, though even to-day there may be secluded backwaters of the community where Debrett is studied as in duty bound, where the belief flourishes decorously that a duke can do no wrong. I range myself with the upholders and not the opponents of the ducal theory when I say that Hugh Richard Arthur Grosvenor, 2nd Duke of Westminster, is blind, or prefers to be blind, to the trend of events.

If it is desirable to sing with a certain degree of seriousness "God bless the Squire and his relations, And keep us in our proper stations," it is equally advisable to do a little *more* than sing. Feudalism is dead and gone, and snobbery should follow it. But there is a happy medium of commonsense which must imply an ordered state of society, some to command, some to obey, some with wealth, some with less wealth, some with breeding, and a number without.

Unless a fight is made, Bolshevist chaos will swamp it. To the Duke of Westminster the gods have indeed been generous. They have given him health, riches, rank, good looks and an attractive personality. I need recapitulate only very briefly the career of this silver-spoon-in-the-mouth super-aristocrat. An adoring and adorable mother, who, fortunately, still lives; Eton; the Royal Horse Guards, and a dukedom with a six-figure income six times over, is not a bad record of luck before twenty-one.

"Bend Or"—as he is to nearly everyone except his duchess, who calls him Hugh—took his first serious step in life in the South African War, where, still a stripling, he acted as A.D.C. to Lord Milner, and later to Lord Roberts. This included, nevertheless, several scraps and at least two narrow escapes. Hard work, dangerous work—and great fun. Then the marriage to pretty Miss Cornwallis-West—the event of the 1901 season, with King Edward and all London present—and a long period of happy, idle years.

Idle, that is to say, save in the search for amusement. Polo, hunting, racing, yachting, shooting—"Bend Or" has always excelled at them all. In 1908 came the first sorrow in the death of his little heir, at the age of four.

The Great War provided excitement that didn't require much seeking, and the Duke was in it up to his ducal neck without delay. The call of patriotism was as natural to him and his class as brushing the teeth, and in September, 1914, we find it recorded that "the Duke of Westminster, at great personal risk and in the face of a heavy fire, carried Captain Grenfell into safety." This was poor Francis Grenfell, of the 9th, who, with his brother "Rivvy," was killed a few weeks later.

In the year 1915 he is in action again at La Bassee, with his Naval armoured car squadron, which he fitted out at the cost of over £20,000, defrayed by himself. But it was in 1916 that the Duke's great feat was performed—the dash across the desert with armoured cars to rescue the survivors of H.M.S. *Tara*, captured by the Senusis. This made him the first ducal D.S.O., and his gallantry and intrepid cleverness are now history. "He is a champion of champions," wrote one of the rescued.

That was in war-time. Is the Duke of Westminster a "champion of champions" to-day? I fear not. Peace is said to have its victories (although they have not come the way of this country since 1918 to any noticeable extent). Peace has also its duties. They may lack thrills; they may even be boring.

But they are there. The Duke understands and lives up to his "Noblesse oblige" in the case of his tenants and those with whom he comes into immediate contact. He is personally charming, thoughtful and generous. I have never known a soul who can claim his acquaintance, be it ever so slight, who has not sung his praises.

He hates to see unhappiness round him, and takes practical steps to alleviate it. He abhors cruelty and has thrashed a man for ill-treating a cat. He entered only a short time ago into the protest against the pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo. He is utterly devoid of "side." I have seen him lunching off a bottle of beer and a sandwich with mechanics at an aerodrome.

I remember him at a party he gave at Bourdon House (which now takes the place of the more stately Grosvenor House — thus does super-tax affect even our richest peer) helping Harry Tate, who had been engaged to amuse the guests, with his scenery, and pouring out whisky for Tate's "boys."

In the Eaton Hall district he is very popular, and is serious to the extent of acting as President of the Cheshire Dairy Farmers' Association. Pegasus at the plough, indeed! But this is not enough. The enemies of a decent and established community fight against it just because it *is* decent and established. The landed classes who do not stand for villainy and oppression, the disciples of Toryism, Die-Hardism, Loyalism, anti-Bolshevism—call it what you will—are said to be tottering. They will totter to their fall if they do not bestir themselves.

What is the Duke of Westminster doing, not only in his own defence, but in defence of thousands upon thousands of less fortunate folk who, if he and his order fall, will fall with him into anarchy and misery?

We have read only of the Duke's yacht "square-rigged, and painted black and white," of his boar-hunting in France, of his selling a couple of pictures for £200,600, and, alas! of divorce and whispered frivolities. The Duke of Northumberland is putting up an effort—thinking, working, making speeches.

Let "Bend Or" follow suit. His diplomatic success in Spain proves he does not lack brains. Even politics can be "an awfully big adventure." So let this Peter Pan of the strawberry leaves grow up at last.

It is to Shakespeare that I leave the final word to His Grace of Westminster: *Sir, you have great wealth, great responsibilities. Look to them.*

"—I can see it's spot from here."

*"You had better go to Bloom's, my boy—like I did. No good trying to get on without glasses if your sight is like hat. It will get worse and worse if you don't take care.*

It is folly to "do without" glasses until your sight gets so bad that you are compelled to see an oculist. Such negligence at an early stage may be the cause of irreparable harm and make it necessary for you to secure special and expensive treatment. Besides, it is easy to visit Bloom's and have their optician prescribe a correction. It saves you endless inconvenience and discomfort, and by going to Bloom's you are assured of skilled advice and good quality glasses for a fixed reasonable price.

BLOOM'S
to help a nation's vision

For Free Illustrated Folder, send to Head Office and Works, 7, Ridgmount Street, W.C.1.
*Branches throughout London & Provinces.*

Gibbs

Ivory Castle Fairy Book

and sample of

Gibbs Dentifrice

FREE!

THE only really sure way to keep the kiddies' teeth sound is to make the boys and girls take an interest in the matter *themselves*—and that is just what Gibbs "Ivory Castle Fairy Book" does.

Once the children have read the pretty, simple stories about the elves who build "Ivory Castles" (which are their teeth), and guard them against the attacks of Giant Decay and the Caries Imps, all the old attempts to "shirk" tooth cleaning quickly disappear.

**Send at once** 2d. in stamps and your name and address for your FREE copy of Gibbs "Ivory Castle Fairy Book" and sample of Gibbs Dentifrice.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd., (Dept. 1513), Cold Cream Soap Wks., London, E.1.


Consult JOHN B[illegible]lawyer without a fee.

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

*(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)*

**To Lieut.-Col. O. C. Clare. D.S.O., M.C.**

DEAR LIEUT.-COL.,—I see that when you were unveiling a War Memorial at Chertsey, the other day, you declared that you would "welcome the operation of the lethal chamber," although from the context it appears that you were expressing not a personal aspiration but a pious opinion as to what might be good for other people. You thought it might be a good plan if the State were officially to slaughter "habitual criminals, incurable lunatics and hereditary paupers," and, if I read you aright, that vague and unfortunate class of, the community generally known as the "unfit." I do not exactly gather whether you propose that the victims of this Spartan treatment should be chloroformed, strangled, or stuck with a bayonet. If you really take yourself seriously perhaps you will let me know.

JOHN BULL.

**To Douglas Chandor, Esq., Graves Galleries, Bond Street, London, W.**

MY DEAR ARTIST,—Your portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales may be a good likeness, but it is scarcely safe to bank on your skill as a painter being any help if you start business as a prophet. I hear you have been offered £2,100 for a portrait of the "Prince's Fiancée," to be delivered by the end of April—though the first of that month would be a more appropriate date, perhaps. But you can take a tip from me. This particular Prince isn't taking any ready-made fiancées, and you might paint every lady of suitable age in sight—and then miss by a mile.

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir Sidney Russell Wells, Vice-Chancellor, University of London.**

DEAR SIR SIDNEY,—A thousand thanks for your timely warnings. When authorities are condemning so freely the nice things, it is most grateful and comforting to have a few unpleasant ones ticked off. Running up a lot of stairs, dashing to catch trains, and being put in a temper are, you say, among the troubles one ought to avoid—and I agree. You tell us that the heart does enough to lift seven pounds from the bottom of a pit to the top of a mountain every twenty-four hours. Well, I hope that everybody's heart will at least stand up to the effort of lifting a glass of something as a libation to young 1922. If he does all he ought, *his* heart will have no time to look for fancy jobs!

JOHN BULL.

**To Councillor Curry, Mayor of Grimsby.**

YOUR WORSHIP,—I hasten to commend your action in providing free cinema performances for the inmates of Grimsby Workhouse. Also I gather that, as there was a number of the old folk too aged and infirm to attend, you generously sent the staff of one of your theatres to the Workhouse, had the dining-hall converted into a temporary cinema, and so gave these old people the excellent treat they desired. This is the sort of spirit that is going to take us gladly into the New Year, and I sincerely hope that your example will not be lost on those who have similar opportunities of service to the less fortunate.

JOHN BULL.

**To Major-General G. D. Jeffreys, C.B., C.M.G., G.O.C., London District Command.**

SIR,—I venture to hope that it was without your knowledge or approval that an unfortunate incident occurred in connection with the opening of Parliament. An officer approached a Coldstream Guardsman in khaki, who was among the loyal throng of spectators waiting to see their beloved Sovereign pass in state, and calling him out of the crowd, asked: "Are you an orderly?" "No, sir," the man replied. "Then get out of sight!" was the amazing order which followed. The incident is so redolent of unintelligent Prussianism that I should like to be able to feel it was the result of misapprehension on somebody's part. And, by the way, why were the Brigade of Guards paraded on a bitterly cold day without gloves?

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir A. Beaumont Dixie, Bart., Elmwood, Scarborough.**

DEAR SIR,—You are the right sort. I see you wrote a letter to the Scarborough Board of Guardians expressing disappointment that the Board had, by a majority of four votes, decided not to allow the Workhouse inmates to have beer with their Christmas dinner, and offering to defray the cost of beer on Christmas Day for each inmate who desired it, so that everyone might enjoy the festive season in their own way. I thank you for your kindness of heart, and share your indignation that Mr. George Rowntree, the Chairman, should have ruled that the offer could not be accepted, as the Board had already decided that beer should not be allowed. The ruling was all wrong, as the resolution was obviously that beer should not be allowed out of the rates. But that is Pussyfoot all over.

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir Arthur Holbrook, M.P.**

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—Your breezy optimism in regard to the social habits of the British people is in refreshing contrast to the Job's comfort to which we are too often treated by the kill-joy extremists. The figures you have been at pains to prepare prove beyond question that drunkenness, far from being on the increase, as the teetotal fanatics suggest, is actually on the decline, as is evidenced by the reduced number of Police-court charges, last year, in the principal towns of the United Kingdom. Curiously enough, the blackest spot of all is the City of Carlisle, where a scheme of State control is in active operation. I think, with these facts and figures before me, I may drink your health in a bottle of the best.

JOHN BULL.

**To George Watkin Williams, Lawfords Gate, Bristol.**

DEAR PLUTOCRAT,—For you are that in a small way, you know. You possess a pony and trap, an income of several hundreds of pounds a year, including £300 under a will, and the sublimest cheek and meanest spirit it has been my lot to read of for quite a while. You went cringing to the Guardians, told them that your only income was a war pension of half-a-guinea a week, and accepted a grant of thirty shillings, thus taking the food out of the mouths of women and children who chance to be in real need. And you got away with a fine of five pounds—a mere year's interest on one of your odd hundreds. It is abominable!

JOHN BULL.

**To L. Schaverien, Esq., "The Larches," East Grinstead.**

DEAR SIR,—You are the sort of squire who appeals to my heart. Comfortably ensconced in your beautiful East Grinstead home, you authorised the local Press to announce that "every person in the town out of work, and who is likely to be short of provender for a good meal on Christmas Day, will be provided with all necessaries at my expense." And then, with exquisite good taste, you emphasise the fact that the recipients of your hospitality are "not to regard it in any way as a charity, but as a friendly personal gift." I hear that hundreds of your town's folk are to-day blessing your name, and if only other local magnates had followed your example what a happier Christmas it might have been for many who looked askance at the tragedy of the so-called festive season!

JOHN BULL.

## "JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The ruin of the two Allies
Seems near, to more observant eyes;
The prospect George does not affright,
Provided Germany's all right!

The power of the Press is great,
But poor John's still in such a state
That, spite of what the papers say,
He cannot drive black care away!

The lowered rates don't seem to be
Designed to comfort you or me:
The middle-man, as usual,
Takes all—while we can go to ——!

Still, dark though prospects may appear,
Here's JOHN BULL's wish A Glad New Year
Though rather "down," don't for.orge
We never have been beaten yet

**What are your difficulties?—Let JOHN BULL solve them.**

# SPORT AND SPORTSMEN:

## GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

**My Twelve-to-Follow.**

Thanks to a great victory at Hurst Park, that fine hurdler, Front Line, brought the winning record of my "Twelve-to-Follow" up to nearly ten points. So far only seven of the dozen have run since I included them in the list, but in twelve attempts they have won seven races, which, on a flat stake of a pound, shows a profit of £9 13s. 4d. So far, so good. Do not miss any of the appended whenever they run:—

| | |
|---|---|
| BON MARCHE. | CHIN CHIN. |
| FRONT LINE. | HALBERDIER. |
| HAIRPIN II. | HOPEFUL BACHELOR. |
| MILESIUS. | MOST BEAUTIFUL. |
| NORTON. | SIR HUON. |
| SOUTHAMPTON. | VERTIGO. |

**Walter Griggs' Fine Record.**

A career such as that enjoyed by Walter Griggs as crack jockey and successful trainer of flat racers and hurdlers is one of which anybody could be justly proud. After giving up riding on the flat a few seasons ago, Walter (sketch herewith), who is a brother of William Griggs, turned his attention to training, with good results. He has now under his charge at Newmarket a splendid string of horses, and last season turned out fourteen successful animals, who won nineteen races, worth £7,655. Front Line proved a disappointment on the flat, but with Griggs' careful handling the old horse is proving a champion hurdler, for he put up a great performance at Hurst Park when winning with 13st. 3lb. in the saddle.

**First Win for Jockey and Trainer.**

Bedford Row, who was awarded the Belper Steeplechase, at Derby, on the disqualification of Picture Hall, was ridden by T. Chipperfield, who had never before ridden "over the sticks" in public. Incidentally, Bedford Row also marked the first success as a trainer of Ernie Piggott, who now has stables at Wantage. Piggott was once a successful steeplechase jockey, and won the Grand National on Jerry M. and Poethlyn, and also a war-time substitute National at Gatwick on Poethlyn.

**Related to Fame.**

J. Barratt, who won on St. Bernard at Lingfield and Hurst Park, and on Santavon at Hurst Park, is related to two famous trainers of many years ago. His father, J. Barratt, turned out many winners from Jevington and Findon, notably Cornbury in the Great Metropolitan, and Barratt's grandfather was the famous William Goater, of Michel Grove. The jockey, who served his apprenticeship with W. Halsey, was born at The Downs, Findon, where R. Gore now trains, twenty-two years ago.

**The Chances of George Cook.**

In a fortnight's time we shall know whether Georges Carpentier, the Frenchman, or George Cook, the Australian, is the better man. They meet at the Albert Hall on January 12th, as you know, and my own opinion is that Cook has a better chance than is indicated by odds of 3 to 1 on Carpentier. Whatever you may hear, Carpentier is not "a sick man," but he certainly does not look as fit as he did when he met Dempsey, though he looks no worse than he did a few days before he knocked out Joe Beckett. The fact is Carpentier's pale, drawn face is, and always will be, a puzzle. But he is spry enough in the ring, and certainly Cook is not taking any chances.

**American Athletes Coming.**

It is certain that W. Stevenson, the Princeton quarter-miler, will be seen at Oxford next summer, and, if what I hear is true, we shall see Charles W. Paddock at Cambridge about the same time. Paddock's recent records—and they have been duly authenticated—stamp him as the world's greatest sprinter, and he will be a brilliant acquisition to the Light Blues. Both Paddock and Stevenson, unless something unforeseen happens, would be able to take part in the A.A.A. championships the following year, and give our younger men a very welcome incentive.

**Bowled Out by Time.**

Not many cricket followers of the present generation remember Ephraim Lockwood. It is 36 years since he gave up county cricket, and he was the finest batsman Yorkshire possessed for a decade. His off strokes were marvels of wrist-work and perfect timing. Only to few men is it given to make so successful a first appearance in county cricket as did Lockwood. A 'bus accident caused injuries to George Freeman and Luke Greenwood, and Lockwood —then with a local club—was wired for to play against Surrey at the Oval in 1868. He went in first with his uncle, John Thewlis, and they scored 176 before being separated. Now he has been bowled out by Time, and has gone to join those other great cricket giants of the past.

**F. E. Woolley's Choice.**

F. E. Woolley, whose sketch I give, is to have a well-deserved benefit next year, and has chosen the Kent. v. Hampshire match—the opening game of the Canterbury Week—as his fixture. I do hope that this great all-rounder has been fortunate in his choice, but the general Saturday starts in vogue next season will not be very helpful to him. Canterbury is not likely to provide a huge crowd on the Saturday before August Bank Holiday, and if either side does badly on the first day, the Monday attendance will suffer. May the gods of fortune and cricket smile on Frank!

**First Round of the Cup.**

Next Saturday will see sixty-four clubs in all parts of the country engaged in the first round of the F.A. Cup, and as in only four instances have first division clubs come up against each other, it should be a terrific second round three weeks later. The pick of next Saturday's ties is at Sunderland, where Liverpool are the visitors, and a curiosity of the draw is the pairing of old Cup-tie opponents in the Arsenal and Queen's Park Rangers. London has a choice of four games, but two team towns like Sheffield and Nottingham have none.

**A Popular Amateur.**

Kenneth Hunt, who has gone on tour with the Corinthians, seems to have discovered the secret of perennial youth. Sixteen years ago he got his football Blue at Oxford—where he was born—and sixteen years "life" for a half-back is fairly lengthy, though it is not correct to suggest, as has been done elsewhere, that he has always been a centre-half. When he played in his first big international game—against Wales, in 1911—he was a left-half, and in this position he played at various times for Wolverhampton Wanderers and Leyton. Hunt is one of the few amateurs who are really and deservedly popular with professionals.

**Relatives in Football.**

The passing of years brings with it many curious stages in football history. One of the most prominent players for Sheffield Wednesday a dozen years or so ago was Harry Chapman, now, alas! dead. His brother, Herbert Chapman, an old 'Spur, was also associated with the club. Herbert Chapman is now secretary-manager of Huddersfield Town, and one of the players on his books is Harry Chapman, his nephew!

**Handicap for Light Blues.**

The University Boat Race is not due for three months (April 1st is the date), but already the material at the disposal of Oxford and Cambridge is being discussed. It will be a real handicap to Cambridge if H. H. S. Hartley (see sketch) sticks to his decision not to take part in any more active rowing. He stroked the winning crew two years together, and I would very much like to see him do it a third time. Hartley has moral as well as material assets which make him a really great stroke. H. B. Playford is this year's C.U.B.C. president. He is the old St. Paul's boy who last March was, at 13st. 12lb., the heaviest man in either crew.

**Enthusiasm Lacking.**

It doesn't say much for Rugby enthusiasm in the Eastern Counties that, in such an important match as the championship of the South Eastern Division, an insufficient number of men should turn up at Richmond to oppose Surrey. So Potter-Irwin, who hasn't played "rugger" for 14 years, stepped into the breach and did really well as full-back. He is qualified by residence, of course, to assist Eastern Counties, and the veteran's sporting action was greatly appreciated. Fortunately, in order to act as a referee—and there is no better in the game—he keeps himself physically fit.

**Short Passes.**

Tumbles were very plentiful at the Lingfield meeting, and J. Kelly and J. Reardon each broke a collar bone, and Capt. Doyle badly bruised a shoulder.

The first Rugby international of the season takes place next Monday in Paris, when France and Scotland meet. Scotland will do well to avert defeat.

The Amateur billiards championship opens at the Burroughes Hall, Soho Square, London, on January 7th, and continues until February 16th.

The Wolsey Steeplechase at Hurst Park carries with it £195, which evidently nobody wants, for the event has resulted in a walk-over three years in succession.

Fred Winter, the ex-flat race jockey who used to ride for the ex-Kaiser, gained his first success under National Hunt Rules when Wild Honey scored at Lingfield.

England and Wales meet at Cardiff under Rugby Union rules on January 21st. On the same day the Wales v. England amateur international match take place at Swansea.

Bodyguard, who won the Derbyshire steeplechase, was bred by his owner, Mr. C. S. Clarke, from the mare Glenuela, whom he purchased eight years ago for 21 guineas.

W. W. Wakefield, the Cambridge Blue and international Rugby player, says his impressions of Wales are "mud," a babble of unintelligible tongues, the weird singing of "Land of My Fathers" by 40,000 people, and very large forwards with large grasping hands and feet to match.

SPORTING LIFE is the Sportsman's Favourite Paper.

# BRITAIN'S VIT

## New Policies For Old—Disastrous

By THE EI

I AM almost inclined to set down as the chief of my New Year aspirations the earnest hope that we may soon be allowed a respite from the blessed word "Conference," which in Anno Domini 1921 has loomed so large on the horizon. First there was the Versailles Conference, as the outcome of which a new world was to arise from the ashes of the war, and from that day to this hardly a month has passed without the suggestion of some fresh Conference to adjust points of difference between the Powers and pave the way for that long-looked-for Peace which, in spite of all our hopes and prayers, still trembles on the threshold of birth. Finally we have had the Washington Conference to settle the affairs of the Pacific, and although our wonderful Prime Minister was not able to put in an appearance there, he has since had a series of highly-important interviews with M. Briand, which are to be followed by a full-dress gathering of the Supreme Council in the month of January. Far be it from me to suggest that these events are not of great importance, and on the day that I utter a word of disrespect for the exalted statesmen who hold our lives in the hollow of their hands may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. Still, I have certain opinions of my own about all these matters which, in all humility, I take leave to express.

### Diplomatic Dawdling.

And the first of these opinions is that nine-tenths of this Conference business is stuff and nonsense. I dealt with the Washington affair a couple of weeks ago, and pointed out some of the lurking realities in the background which threatened, in spite of any paper agreements, to keep alive the menace of war. Since then nothing has happened to change my view, and if any man imagines that because a "quadruple pact" has been signed between the Pacific Powers we are any nearer the millennium than we were before, I do not envy him his perception. The heart to heart talk between Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand is, of course, on quite another footing, and I shall be told, no doubt, that it was necessary for these statesmen to meet, and for the Supreme Council to be called together in January, in order to clear up certain stubborn misunderstandings between Great Britain and France. The pity is, to my mind, that these misunderstandings should ever have arisen, and I will even go as far as to say that they never would have arisen if the British Government all through had "played the game." I have not a vestige of sympathy with that view of current European politics which represents Great Britain on the one hand as an apostle of sweetness and light, and France on the other as a monster of unreason. This estimate of the position is as false as it is faithless. There is no blacker treachery afoot to-day than that which plots treason to the blood-cemented *Entente Cordiale*.

### Memories!

Stop! Think! Remember! *Vive la France!* There was a time—and not so long ago, either—when this sprightly phrase came tripping quite smoothly off our unaccustomed English tongues. The warmth of feeling between the two countries was easy to understand. In our hearts we knew that there were countless bits of France that were "for ever England," and it seemed unthinkable that differences of opinion should ever divide the two peoples who had become more than brothers in the great baptism of blood. If the line from Ypres to Verdun held against the worst assaults of the Hun, then surely the links of friendship forged in the furnaces of strife would withstand the stress of conflicting ambitions in the transition from war to peace. I am convinced that in the main these hopes were justified, and that even to-day the common people of Great Britain and France are ready and eager to sink their differences and work harmoniously together in the cause of European civilisation. It is the statesmen who have blundered, and who must be recalled to a sense of their forgotten duty before any progress can be made. I can forgive a Frenchman who, in the bitterness of disappointment, says hard things about England, and indulges in harsh criticisms of our policy. The trouble began at the Versailles Conference, where the British delegates unceremoniously brushed aside the strong-minded representations of M. Clemenceau and paid an almost fawning deference to the authority of President Wilson, who, by virtue of the fact that America—as I said at the time—had rushed in "to aid the victors," took it upon himself to assume the entire direction of delicate negotiations which were to settle the fate of Europe for centuries to come. Since then France has had to put up with the spectacle of her former friend and Ally leaning more and more upon the wisdom of the United States Government, siding first with Russia, and then with Germany against Poland, whittling down the reparation clauses of the Versailles Treaty, and generally playing fast and loose with the sacred causes for which we went to war. As a Britisher, I have more than once been moved to the strongest protest, and I can make every allowance for the feelings of the French, who do not know us well enough to realise that what looks like perfidy on the part of the British Government is very often nothing worse than sheer muddle-headedness. But it's a pity, all the same.

### "This Wicked Nation."

Let us see exactly what it is that the "wickedness" of France demands. What is it that this truculent nation requires at our hands? Well, to put it quite bluntly, she demands that Mr. Lloyd George shall fulfil the pledges he gave to this country and to the world at the time the Armistice was signed. Oh, but you say that was only "electioneering." Ah, yes, but you cannot expect a Frenchman to understand that, and, besides, the whole world was listening. There was no mistaking Mr. Lloyd George's meaning in those thrilling days. I am sure M. Clemenceau himself could not have done better. But then, of course, "The Tiger" talks always from the heart and not

# VITAL CHOICE.

## strous Dissension—Stick To France.

THE EDITOR.

"through the hat." But listen to Mr. Lloyd George, at Bristol, in December, 1918: "First, as far as justice is concerned, we have an absolute right to demand the whole cost of the war from Germany. Second, we propose to demand the whole cost of the war." Earlier, at Newcastle, the right honourable gentleman had said: "Those who started the war must pay to the uttermost farthing, and we shall search their pockets for it." Also, on the question of the war criminals, at the Queen's Hall, on December 9th, 1918: "Those who were guilty of the atrocities of this war must be made responsible. The higher, the more exalted they are, the more necessary that they should be made to suffer." These noble utterances were heard in France as well as ever they were heard in England—for the world in these days is very small and full of sounding boards. Unfortunately, "What I have said, I have said," was the motto of a British statesman whose name was not Lloyd George.

### How Long?

Now then, if you are going to tell me that France is a wicked, reckless, Chauvinistic, war-loving nation, I am going to tell you that Mr. Lloyd George must have been all these things when he gave these pledges in December, 1918. If you tell me, further, that it was just a vote-catching stunt, and that he never meant a word of it, I shall have to reply that such depths of political depravity are unworthy of a British statesman. The truth of the matter is, of course, that in the past three years a great many curious things have happened, and incidentally, British foreign policy has found a new "orientation." This is high political Latin for a double shuffle. It means, in plain English, that in International affairs we have been "off with the old love and on with the new"; that we have forgotten France and found America, and that we are hankering after strange Alliances, when all that is needed to evolve order out of the European chaos is a re-establishment, in all its force and fervour, of the *Entente Cordiale*. I cannot resist the impression that the "glad eye" from Washington has cast upon our statesmen an evil spell. Already it is tempting us to dangerous tampering with the strength and security of the Fleet, and in the new mood engendered by the political globe-trotting of the last few years, British statesmen can apparently bring themselves to listen with patience to the suggestion of a new world alliance to which Germany, without having paid a tithe of the reparation due from her for crimes unparalleled in the world's history, should be admitted on equal terms with the civilised nations who, at a colossal sacrifice of blood and treasure, placed a curb upon her mad ambitions. The alternative for the British people is between these wild and fantastic departures and the old and tried policy of friendship with France, which, seven years ago, stood like a rampart between civilisation and its doom. It is a vital, pregnant choice.

### Stick to France!

There is irony in the situation. One of the mistakes the British delegates made at Versailles was in accepting the wretched system of Mandates under which we have been saddled with such costly territorial white elephants as Mesopotamia and Palestine, which are a curse to the British taxpayer and a stumbling-block to our foreign friends. In a section of the French press these heavy British commitments are invariably spoken of as "conquests," and it is argued with a strange perversity that by hanging such millstones around our necks we have "made a good thing out of the war." Of course, it is all a wretched misunderstanding—and so with most of the bones of contention between the two countries. Yet somehow, as I said just now, I can forgive France almost anything. I have seen with my own eyes her ruined towns and devastated villages, and as I dwell in memory upon sights of horror and destruction that will never be effaced from my mind, I can only bow my head in respectful homage to our great and glorious Ally, and plead that in the name of common decency we should be "to her virtues ever kind and to her faults a little blind." Small wonder and small blame to her if, with the bitter memories of the Hun invasion burned into her heart and soul, France has adopted as her national watchword: "Never Again."

### A Sane Foreign Policy.

The choice for Great Britain is clear. If we are wise, we shall enter into no "entangling alliances," but stand fast by our tried friendship with France and unite with her to secure the peace and safety of the Western world. It is hard to conceive of any European quarrel in which France might be engaged from which we could hold aloof with safety—not to speak of honour. As regards the Versailles Treaty, I firmly contend that in nearly every disputed case France has been right and Great Britain has been wrong. In regard to reparations, we have paltered and parleyed until at last Germany has contrived by one form of financial jugglery and another to deprive herself of the power of payment. If we had been wise enough to trust the judgment of France in this matter, we should long ago have consented to the Allied control of German finances and to the exaction of guarantees of a practical kind for the payment of the Indemnity as its instalments fell due. As regards disarmament, the instinct of France was far sounder than the give-and-take opportunism of the British Government. Furthermore, there was the farce of the war criminals' trials at Leipzig, which elicited from the people of France a protest that ought to have been re-echoed in every town and hamlet in the United Kingdom. I am not sure whether it is fashionable in these days to recall the homely wisdom of Shakespeare, or whether a more "intellectual" poet has usurped his laurels, but I cannot forbear to quote the advice Polonius gave Laertes: "Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." Yes, we must stick to France. Otherwise we shall deserve to be left naked and defenceless in the hour of trial.

## IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

### MAJOR PERCY C. SIMMONS.

Now, gen'l'm'n, please! . . . No, sir; you're wrong . . . I tell you you *are!* I sh'd know. I keeps me eye on the lot o' you, an' I tell you *that* gen'l'm'n's next. Come along, sir; don't 'ang back. You're on'y keepin' the others waitin'! . . . *Shampoo?* Right-o. Wet or dry? . . . *Thought they was all wet?* So they are, in a way, sir—if you ain't pullin' me leg . . . Did you 'ave a pleasant Christmas, sir? . . . Glad to 'ear it. I dessay you deserved it. But I could mention a lot wot didn't . . . *'Oo am I referrin' to?* Well, the Members o' the London County Council, for a start. Course, there's exceptions among 'em; but the majority must be goin' potty. Wot surprises me is thet the Chairman, Major Simmons, don't protest against the ridic'lous proposals wot they're puttin' forward and in some cases carryin' . . . *Wot do I know about Major Simmons?*

* * *

I knows enough about 'im to be surprised that 'e don't resign 'is job rawther then be mixed up in the present doin's o' the L.C.C. 'E was elected for the City o' London as a Municipal Reformer, not a wild, revolutionary Progressive . . . *Do I know wot I'm talkin' about?* P'raps I do, an' p'raps I don't. But I knows wot I think, an' I'm entitled to say it. If the L.C.C. 'ad done bloomin' wonders in the way of local guv'ment an' economy, instead of shovin' up the rates simply 'orrible, an' interferin' with the freedom of people wot live in the area wot they control, they might then 'ave some grounds for their idea of draggin' into their clutches towns as fur distant as Reigate an' Hertford an' the towns an' villages between. Don't you think so yerself, Mr——? . . . *You'd rawther not say? Yore lips is sealed?* Oh, they are, are they? An' might I be so rude as to awsk w'y? . . . Eh? . . . *Becos you're Major Simmons 'imself?* . . . Well, I'm a wonder for strikin' things lucky, ain't I? All the same, sir, I ain't sorry you've sorter caught me unawares, becos there's one or two other things I'd like to say about the L.C.C.—an' put 'em *plain*, too!

* * *

Wot about these killjoys messin' about with the reasonable pleasures o' the people? Wot about their silly interference with the Midnight Follies at the 'Otel Metropole? An', more'n that, wot about these 'ere proposals that young people under sixteen shan't be allowed in the picshers unless they're 'angin' on the skirts or trousers o' their parents or guardians? You're Chairman of the Council wot proposes these blighted restrictions, an', yet you 'angs on! I'm surprised at yer! I am—straight! I should ha' thought thet a Major—*and* a Moderate—would 'ave bin a better sport. I tell yer, sir, London is gittin' to be the bloomin' laughin' stock o' the world. We shell be run in for lookin' 'appy, next. Not thet there'd be many charges, thanks to the gloomy sorter cloud wot's 'angin' over the ole village—for w'ich the L.C.C. is mainly to blame . . . Bay rum, sir? Wot are the proper duties of the L.C.C.? Shorely, to look arfter the interests o' the ratepayers—an' their interests include their comforts an' pleasures, don't they? And this is 'ow they do it! I tell yer, it makes me sick. Any'ow, if you won't say nothink, sir, I've finished. . . . Goo'day, Major, an' thank you.

## EXTRA TURNS.

### BY PUBLIC PATTERERS.

#### ANNO DOMINI, 1922.

I'm Anno Domini '22—
There's many a thing I hope to do;
I'm really keen to be good to you
If only I've the chance:
On Jan. the First I will go ahead,
But there are influences I dread—
My power, in short, is limited—
The reasons I'll advance:

Each year commences with glad good will,
Which pessimists instantly start to kill,
Trying discouragement to instil
In every hopeful heart:
And there's no question they'll try to do
The same in Nineteen-twenty-two—
But—under the rose—'twixt me and you,
I'll try to play my part.

PATTER: Now, just look at me, ladies and gents. Do I look a nasty, ill-tempered sort of a fellow? . . . You're right, I don't. No one could mean better than I do. I am only too anxious to make the twelve months over which I shall preside a period of peace, prosperity and honest merriment. But already, before I take up the seals of office, so to speak, attempts are being made to frustrate my intentions and to make the period of my reign no better, if not worse, than that of my worthy predecessor, Anno Domini '21, now retiring. I myself do not start under the best auspices. I'm handicapped from the beginning. I've got the Irish incubus on my shoulders to commence with. I had hoped that the treaty would have been signed and well out of the way

before I was called upon to step forward and take the chair. The Dail Eireann has decided to adjourn until January 3 without settling the fate of the peace treaty! So it comes on *me*—but by no fault of mine. Then there's "Pussyfoot." I hope to restore a great deal of freedom to the British public during my year of office—but I have me doubts. I'm afraid "Pussyfoot" is too strong. The licensing Benches have relinquished their manhood and sense of justice, and have abandoned their conscience to the kill-joy brigade. Remember in Nineteen-twenty-two that you are *men* and *women*—not slaves to be governed by a set of narrow-minded cranks. Stand up for yourselves, and make a few resolutions of the right sort, such as not to have your freedom filched from you by a set of canting humbugs, and I, Nineteen-twenty-two, will do my best to help you.

I'm Anno Domini '22—
There's many a thing I hope to do;
I'm really keen to be good to you,
If only I've the chance:
On Jan. the First I'll go ahead,
But there are influences I dread—
My power, in short, is limited—
The reasons I've advanced.

Let's start the year with glad good will,
Trying encouragement to instil
Nor letting the gloom our purpose kill,
In every hopeful heart;
So here's to Nineteen-twenty-two—
Let's do the best that we can do,
And—under the rose—'twixt me and you,
I'll try to play my part!

## PRINTER'S PIE.

*(Half-a-crown is paid in the course of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")*

"GLOUCESTERSHIRE ECHO" (advertisement):—"CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Jewellery, dog collars, COFFIN PLATES ENGRAVED."

"DAILY MAIL":—"He complained of having a WOODEN HEAD that was of no use to him."

"HAMPSHIRE CHRONICLE":—"The ANNUAL MONTHLY meeting was held at the Headquarters."

"RICHMOND AND TWICKENHAM TIMES":—"Richmond magistrates on Thursday ordered THE OWNERS of ——— Cottages, and a cottage in Rosemont Road, TO BE PUT IN A SANITARY CONDITION."

"STAR" (advertisement):—"Why not give your friend a few TOOLS for Xmas?"

"MIDDLESBROUGH STANDARD":—"There are many good points in this lady we admire, because they are virtuous, unselfish and QUITE UNSCRUPULOUS."

"WEST HERTS POST":—"When last seen she was wearing . . . black boots AND shoes."

"HULL DAILY NEWS" (advertisement):—"For Sale, 6 Useful CAST-IRON VAN HORSES."

"BELFAST TELEGRAPH":—"He examined the bodies, which were LYING ON THEIR BACKS, FACES DOWNWARDS."

"ILFORD RECORDER":—"Young couple, marrying shortly, require three unfurnished room. . . USE BATHROOM PREFERRED BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

"HULL DAILY NEWS" (advertisement):—"GARAGE to Let, for Two or Three cows."

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—"Present DEATH-RATE equals 100 PER CENT. per annum, and is INCREASING."

## RESULT OF 15TH FOOTBALL COMPETITION

*(continued from page 20).*

PERRY, S., 157, Albert Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
PURNELL, N., The Green, South Kirkby, Nr. Wakefield.
RAMSAY, ARCHIE, East Benhar, By Fauldhouse, N.B.
REID, GAVIN, 17, Craigie Street, Dundee.
RICKETTS, G. F., 13, Speedwell Road, Hay Mill, Birmingham.
ROBERTS, OWEN, 16, The Avenue, Pontygwaith, Rhondda Valley.
ROWE, G., 49, Burrows Road, Kensal Rise, N.W. 10.
SELF, G. W., 1, Thornaby Place, Thornaby-on-Tees.
SKINNER, W., 9, Beech Avenue, Stockport.
SQUIRES, MRS. M. W., 11, Point Street, Hakin, Milford Haven.
STEPHENS, H., 4, Sharpe Street, Ashington, Tyneworth.
STEVENS, J., 139, Judd Street, King's Cross, W.C. 1.
STEVENSON, MISS, 100, Nelson Road, Gt. Yarmouth.
THOMAS, W., 2, Ala Road, Pwllheli.
THOMAS, MRS. MARY, Newcombe Last, Carmarthen.
TITE, R. G., 44, Bardolph Street, Leicester.
VIVEASH, A., 18, Donaldson Road, Kilburn, N.W. 6.
WALKER, MARION, Springfield, Armadale, West Lothian.
WORMAN, E. G., 13, North Street, Derby.
WAY, P., Tarrant Launceston, Nr. Blandford, Dorset.
WELHAM, H., 51, Normanton Avenue, Wimbledon Park, S.W. 19.
WOODS, H. A., 10, Church Street, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

## OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

A well-known firm has been honoured by Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, and Princess Mary, who have selected Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee for their annual distribution to the hospitals for children, in which they take a great personal interest.

Curzon Brothers are offering suits at a price well within the reach of all.

The Excello Gramophone Co. are again making their offer of an all-British gramophone at 39s. 6d.

During the short days, E. J. Riley's billiard tables will pass many pleasant evenings. They can be obtained on the first payment of 15s.

The Wholesale Fur Co. announce a sale of furs. Those interested would do well to write for their special bargain list.

The Englebert Subsoles, which are fixed without nails, are a boon these cold, damp days.

The JOHN BULL guarantee appears on page ii.

Many other interesting bargains appear under the "Small Ads. Worth Watching," on page iv. of cover.

# Hundreds of Charities rolled into one, affecting the lives of Hundreds of Thousands.

One of England's great ones has gone to his rest, leaving a work which you can complete for him.

# The Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund

*(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.)*

**ST. JOHN'S LODGE, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.**

**Patroness:**

## Her Majesty Queen Alexandra

who, writing to Lady Pearson, said:

***"Of course it will give me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to be the patroness of the fund which you and your son are creating as a permanent endowment for all the charities in which your beloved husband was interested."***

### THE OBJECTS OF THE FUND.

The object of this appeal is to create a Memorial Fund for the permanent benefit of the philanthropic enterprises in which Sir Arthur Pearson was interested. The net proceeds are intended to be apportioned as to one-third to St. Dunstan's for the Care and After Care of the Soldiers and Sailors Blinded in the War. There are nearly 2,000 of these men all over the Empire, who are courageously carrying on their fight against difficulties almost insuperable. As to one-third to the National Institute for the Blind, that great organisation which in itself financially supports no less than 50 Institutions for the Blind, and which produces almost the whole of the embossed books and magazines read by the blind. The remaining third is for the benefit of the blind throughout the Empire upon the footing of giving to the blind charities of each country a benefit in proportion to the subscriptions of that country. The Ministry of Health has agreed to render every possible assistance in apportioning these benefits amongst the participating societies in this country. Before any of this is done 2½ per cent. of the net proceeds will be given to the Fresh Air Fund, Sir Arthur's first charity, which has sent so many hundreds of thousands of little children from our great towns for a holiday in the country.

## Please send or do something to-day to help the work which he has done.

Address: **Lady Pearson, D.B.E., The Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund, St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park, London.**

*All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.*

# JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

## ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

*Each enquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.*

**New Year Prospects.**

Stock Exchange business has, as usual, fallen to minimum proportions over the Christmas period, when competitive seasonable events are too strong even for the most businesslike, and Throgmorton Street itself drifts into a good deal of jollification and horseplay. There is less forced cheerfulness in the neighbourhood of markets this December, and though many Stock Exchange firms have barely paid expenses during the past year, the feeling of confidence in the outlook is more robust than it has been since the trade slump set in, now more than a year ago. The foundations for better conditions have undoubtedly been laid, and not only the business heads of the community, but also labour, are now ready to make the most of improving opportunities.

**Lower Railway Rates.**

The announcement of a reduction in railway rates on certain basic materials, such as coal and iron, has made a very favourable impression on the industrial market, and in the long run must assist trade by cheapening production. The reductions have not, of course, met the full demands made in many directions, but the fact that it is officially estimated that the decreases will mean a reduction of no less than £10,000,000 in railway revenue indicates that production costs must be directly lessened to that extent. This will help both domestic and export trade, and is another definite move in the direction of normality. It would naturally have further advantaged industry if the reductions could have been wider and could have extended to a longer schedule, but the railways have got to feel their way gradually in such a matter.

**Railway Stocks and the Decision.**

It is satisfactory that railway securities have not been adversely affected by the decision. The home railway market is narrow but quite stable. The truth is that there is a comfortable conviction that the railways are now being run on sound business lines again, and that this will react ultimately in a helpful manner upon both the transport industry and general trade, which is always dependent upon transport. If lessened charges lead, as anticipated, to a freer movement of goods, railway results will not suffer, and the tariff reductions will become progressive, with increased benefit, both to manufacturing activity and to railway shareholders. It is significant that the shrewdest type of investor has already realised this, and buying of home railway prior charge stocks is more persistent than it has been at any time during the year.

**Conversion Loan Possibilities.**

If the horizon continues to clear it is possible the Government may seriously consider a wholesale conversion of domestic war indebtedness, including the bulk of the floating debt, during 1922. The attempted conversion last April of big lines of War Bonds met with scant success, only 150 millions worth of Bonds out of a possible total of 632 millions being converted. Since then, however, a steady rise in gilt-edged securities and a sharp fall in the rate at which Treasury Bills are placed have created a situation in which a greater degree of success could be counted on. It has been suggested that the foreign debt must be dealt with first, but that is not certain. The Government will be wise in following the line of least resistance.

**An Oil Disappointment.**

The directors of the Anglo-American Oil Company were not able to give shareholders a nice Christmas box. The declaration of an interim dividend of only 1s. per share against 3s. a year ago produced great disappointment, and forced a sharp break in the market quotation. The causes governing the dividend reduction are not altogether clear, even allowing for the less prosperous conditions of the oil trade during the last few months. The company, however, has been extending its operations considerably during the past year or so, and in view of the difficulty of securing fresh capital just now, it doubtless judges in common with other big oil concerns that a cautious dividend policy at the moment is the only reasonable one. Shareholders would do well not to be frightened out of their shares, particularly as there is a probability that the company's boring operations in Cuba may be crowned with success next month. If the engineers then strike oil in quantity, as they expect, the present fall in the shares is likely to be more than obliterated.

**Tin Shares.**

Coincidental with a recovery in the price of tin metal of about £20 per ton from the recent lowest, tin shares have been waking up and showing some strength. The market is cautiously optimistic regarding the prospects of this group. The statistical position of the metal is not bad. Stocks, apart from those held by the Malay and the Dutch East Indies Governments, are about 22,000 tons. This is only equal to about three months' consumption at the recent low rate, but consumption is increasing again and manufacturers' holdings are known to be small.

## TO PRISON AT EIGHTY.

### OCTOGENARIAN PUNISHED AS A "WARNING."

It must be admitted that to commit a fraud on the Old Age Pension authorities in these times of national stress is an offence which should not be lightly overlooked. But there may easily be circumstances in which the guilty party is entitled to the utmost leniency at the hands of the Bench. A case of this character recently came before the Magistrate at the South-Western Police-court, when Daniel Burningham was sent to prison for fourteen days in the second division. The sentence does not sound unduly severe; but when it is pointed out that the offender is a feeble old man, eighty years of age—a pensioner of the Wandsworth Borough Council, living at Ashtree Grove, Wandsworth—that he is a man of great respectability, who worked for the Wandsworth Council for many years, it would appear on the face of it that he must have been guilty of a very serious offence to deserve even so light a punishment. But investigation into all the circumstances drives us to but one conclusion—that the sentence passed on this poor old man was savage in its severity. The sum of his offence amounts to this: in receipt of a pension from the Borough of 1s. 6d. a week, he had the audacity to apply for the national Old Age Pension of 5s. a week, in 1915, without disclosing the fact that he was already receiving £4 a year from one of the Borough charities! It was all very fine for the Magistrate to say that when a man was found receiving a dole to which he was not entitled, he had to be punished as a warning to others, but would it not be possible to find some able-bodied shirker instead of an aged and respectable man, who possibly offended through inadvertency?

## INSULTING THE UNEMPLOYED.

### SCOTTISH OFFICIALS AND REVOLTING TASKS.

We cannot allow to pass without comment certain proceedings which took place in the Council Chamber, at Moffat, recently, when the burning question of unemployment was raised. Apparently, there is no unemployment scheme in force at Moffat, and those suffering the pangs of hunger in that town are seemingly expected to flourish and wax fat on the gratuitous insults levelled at them by the worthies charged with the duty of local government. Provost Huskie, in a manner calculated to irritate the coolest listener, declared that he had received a letter suggesting that some sort of scheme for the relief of the unemployed should be started, and rounded off his discourse by admitting ignorance of the fact that any unemployment existed in Moffat. Then up spake a certain Mr. Johnstone: "Let them break stones in the Corporation yard," said he, "the more they break, the more money they will get. It is not the first time the unemployed in Moffat have gone down there to break stones." The matter was then dropped, and the next item on the agenda dealt with. We are only too well aware that unemployment throughout the country has reached appalling proportions, and that the burden thereby thrown upon the ratepayers is almost more than they can bear. But that is no excuse for treating the unhappy victims of trade depression with such cavalier insolence as was displayed by the councillors of Moffat. Other towns of the British Isles have adopted economic schemes for the relief of the workless without having to resort to the shameful suggestion that the involuntary idle should labour at the menial tasks usually reserved for vagrants.

## LET THE OLD YEAR GO.

### By WALTER EDORE.

Let the Old Year go on his way
  Without regret or grieving;
Dead are the things of yesterday—
  Think what the future is weaving:
Let the Old Year go on his way!

Let the Old Year conclude his reign
  Without remorse or sorrow;
If in the past, you've given pain,
  Well—give some joy to-morrow:
Let the Old Year conclude his reign!

Let the Old Year in silence die—
  You've known both worse and better;
Bad as he's been, both you and I
  In some sense are his debtor:
Let the Old Year in silence die!

Let the Old Year untroubled pass,
  And with him take old squabbles;
Strife between man and man, alas!
  The finest effort hobbles:
Let the Old Year untroubled pass!

Let the Old Year go on his way,
  And let us face the New one.
Though false your thought of yesterday,
  To-morrow make a true one!
Let the Old Year go on his way!

Let the Old Year vex us no more,
  Let the New Year bring no shame,
Man greeting man the wide world o'er
  In friendship's glorious name:
Let the Old Year vex us no more!

**When others fail, JOHN BULL will stand your friend.**

## *Romances of Famous Businesses.*

# Romantic episodes in the career of SIR WILLIAM VENO.

WHY do you find in Manchester one of the greatest proprietary medicine businesses in the world? Why did Sir William Veno, a Scotsman and a cosmopolitan, choose this location for the establishment of an enterprise which even then he knew would eventually become great? You might have supposed that a man with such passion for work, such faith in himself, and such undoubted ability, would have made the more obvious journey to the great metropolis, with the usual juvenile idea of setting the Thames on fire. But no! Even in those days, twenty years ago, when he first conceived the idea which was to revolutionise the methods then in vogue for the development of domestic medicine, he had perceived that after all Manchester is the business centre of the British Empire. All roads lead to and from it, by road and rail and sea. There is nothing to be compared with it in the world for excellence of every kind of business facility, and particularly those which refer to the distribution of manufactures. Sir William Veno realised that fact twenty years ago; he believes it even more strongly now, and he is the most confirmed optimist in Lancashire, because he fails to see how it ever would be possible to rob the city of his adoption of its acknowledged supremacy in the world of business, and he believes that Manchester will be the first to arise from the slough of despond into which the trade of the country has fallen.

The undoubted geographical advantage which Manchester holds, coupled with the importance and almost inconceivably varied nature of its industries, has recently given Sir William the idea of establishing in the city a World's Fair of trade and commerce. At the present time the idea is in abeyance, because undoubtedly the condition of trade throughout the world, and in Manchester particularly, does not warrant the launching of an enterprise of such ambitious magnitude. But it is only in abeyance. The idea has the complete sympathy of the magnates of the city and district. London is holding an Empire Exhibition in 1923, but this does not conflict with the Manchester project in the very least. Manchester deals with the whole world; every part of the world has a vital interest for the business man of Manchester, and the promoters of this scheme will not be satisfied unless the whole of the world is represented when the exhibition actually takes place.

Most big business men have a story to tell out of which romance can be extracted, and this is particularly the case with Sir William Veno. To-day he controls a huge manufacturing laboratory, disseminating its products in enormous quantities to every quarter of the globe.

As a boy he assisted in a general store, which was also the post office of the small town of Garliestown, Wigtownshire. Indeed, he received his initiation into business amongst a potpourri of soap and cheese, miscellaneous drapery goods and postage stamps. What wonder that he ran away to sea? It is perfectly impossible to think of him as a successful country store-keeper or a postmaster. There is not a town or city in the British Isles that would hold all his energies. He left the sea for the same reason. Life aboardship obviously offered no scope for an organising business brain, and subsequently he spent some years in searching for a career.

As a young man he had a passion for political speaking, and at one time it almost seemed that professional politics would be his vocation. Wherever it was possible to make a speech, there would this aspiring orator wend his way, and it mattered little to him where he uplifted his voice. He was just as likely to be discovered in Hyde Park, endeavouring to compete with the open-air demagogue, as in the more sedate atmosphere of a literary debating society. Some of his experiences during this interesting period of development would be well worth recording, and it is not at all remarkable, in view of the zeal which he displayed that he rapidly found his feet upon the platform and began to make a reputation. Indeed, his passion for oratory very quickly had its rewards when he crossed over to the United States. There his rhetorical ability had become so marked that during the first McKinley election his services were enlisted by the West Virginia Association, and he stumped the country with notable success. It was an experience which made him what he undoubtedly is—an effective and fluent platform speaker.

Sir William H. Veno, Kt., Founder and Governing Director, the Veno Drug Co., Ltd.

About this period Sir William enjoyed an experience which the present generation of Britishers can only read about in such novels as "Hop-along Cassidy," or in the more famous writings of Bret Harte. He journeyed to Deadwood in the company of Dr. Mackay, primarily as dispenser and general medical assistant, but also because the West was calling him very strongly. Deadwood City was alive with gold prospectors, and everywhere the gold fever was rife. In Deadwood every living soul was a potential millionaire; optimism and a very crude but nevertheless real form of Socialism ran side by side; sudden death and indiscriminate camaraderie were the outstanding factors of existence. To-day a man might be a pauper: to-morrow he might make a lucky strike which would make him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Space will not permit of an account of his exciting experiences in Deadwood.

But America was no place for a budding commercial magnate in those days. Trade was even worse than it is in Great Britain to-day, and like a wise man, he determined to pull up stakes and return to the land of his fathers. Says Sir William of this episode, "I came back to England very rich in experience, very poor in pocket, but by no means disheartened, and I settled down in the town that was to become my permanent place of residence—Manchester."

Sir William Veno's ambition has always been associated with the science of medicine, and from his boyhood he has had a passion for medical study. Out of this hobby grew his life work. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure was his first venture, and that remedy is to be found at the present day in most of the medicine chests of the Empire. It succeeded because it deserved to. It was good, and the public immediately responded to the widespread invitation that was offered them to try it. The name "Veno" on this account alone is spoken of affectionately in hundreds of thousands of homes, and it has cured more coughs than all the clinics put together.

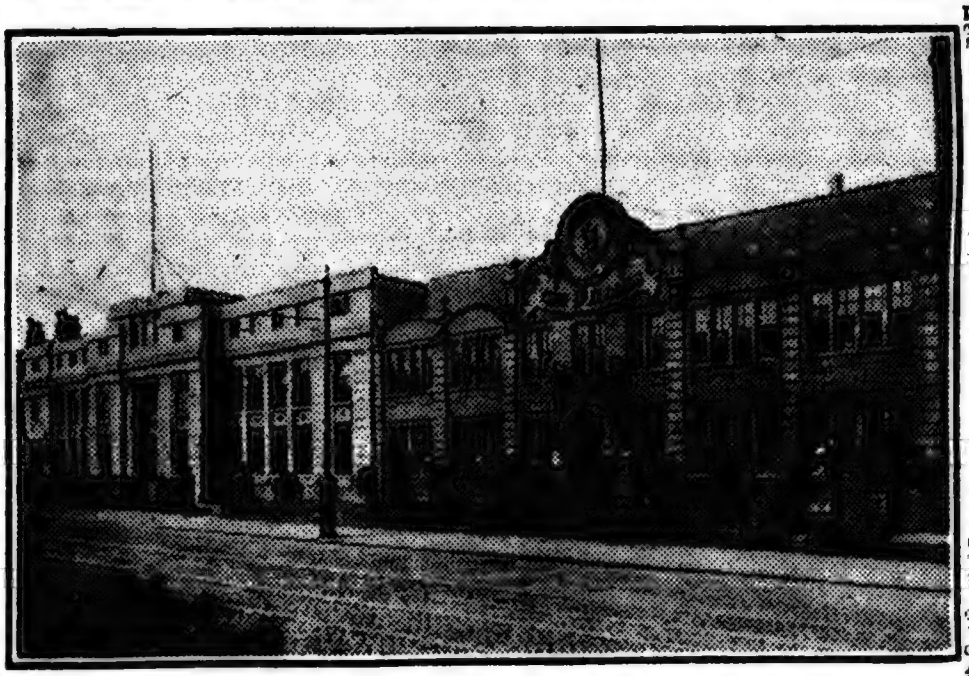
That has been the outstanding reason for Sir William's success—he is a really great advertising man. He knows the value of advertising, but he would scorn to endeavour to sell a mediocre article, not only because of the moral aspect of such a proceeding, but because he knows that to attempt to do so would be to throw money into the gutter. And he is certainly not that kind of business man.

Look at the way he tackled the inception of Germolene. The obvious, and probably the usual, method would have been to have purchased the best formula obtainable, and to have started manufacturing and distributing immediately. But that was not his way. Eight or nine years ago he gave instructions to his chemists that they were to commence the search for an efficient skin dressing, and it was only last year that Germolene was put on the market. The interim was taken up with absolutely exhaustive laboratory work, the pharmacopœia of the world were ransacked for medicaments of proved efficacy, and Sir William supervised actual clinical work, during which tests were made upon human subjects. The result was an undoubted boon to humanity. A similar story could be told of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, another really astonishing success. There is no fixity about any of these formulæ. If they can be improved they are improved as time goes by. They always advance with science, knowledge and experience, and it must be borne in mind that Sir William has his finger upon a world-wide test. Every day that passes adds to his general knowledge.

So much for the purely scientific side of his business. As to commerce pure and simple, none know better than his fellow citizens of Manchester what a capacious grasp of affairs he possesses. At a time when trade conditions were in the melting pot, when optimism languished, when the ordinary business man was beginning to wonder whether the end of all things had come, Sir William Veno was serenely looking for more worlds to conquer. With this end in view his laboratory in Lund-street, Cornbrook, and his business buildings in Chester-road were entirely remodelled and rebuilt, and at the present moment the laboratory is, without a doubt, the finest of its kind in the Empire. It is equipped to the very last detail with every conceivable modern appliance. Mass production and hygiene are the keynotes of the establishment. Every item of manufacture points to a generous policy, which means the best of everything, because the best always pays. The commercial side of the business is equipped with every device which would make for efficiency, and the manufacturing side is absolutely self-contained. Every detail of manufacture, from the extraction of essences to the making of tablets, takes place within the walls of the factory. Even the wrappers and cartons are made upon the premises. A big printing plant has been established. Mass production as carried on in these premises is a very remarkable process indeed.

As to Sir William Veno's private enterprises, he is, as has been said, a politician of considerable ability. On the platform he is at his best. There is a breeziness about his delivery which it does one good to hear in these days of despondency, and he is very liable to startle one with his very apt and witty talent for repartee. Only the other day he was challenged by a member of one of his audiences with respect to the alleged changes which had occurred in Mr. Lloyd George's political outlook. Sir William pointed out that in his early days the Prime Minister was sowing his political wild oats, and just as a reformed rake makes the best husband, so a reformed politician makes the best statesman. Sir William received his knighthood for national and public services during the war, but even his war work was at times tinged with delightful originality. It will be remembered that he created quite a flutter in the dovecotes at the War Office by making an offer of a thousand pounds to the first British aviator who should bomb Berlin. It was pointed out to him that members of His Majesty's Forces were not allowed to accept rewards or payments of any kind, and he therefore varied the offer so that the airman should become the nominee of any public charity he might care to select. It is a pity there was no sequel to this quite deserving project.

Another outlet for his activities was to commission a most important picture of the Canadians in action at Ypres. This canvas was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1916. Thousands of prints found their way to Canadian homes, and the picture will, in years to come, remain a most interesting and important historical record.



Front View of Offices, Warehouses, and Laboratory of the Veno Drug Co., Ltd, Chester Road, Manchester.

# TOMMY AND JACK.

**OUR PLEDGE:**—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

**Stop Thief!**—In 1918 the monthly Army List weighed 4 lb. 12 oz., and then printing and paper were much dearer than now. The price of the List was 1s. 6d. The current issue weighs 25 oz. and costs 5s. What a super-profiteer the Government can be!

**As We Predicted:**—According to Geddes the 1st and 2nd Life Guards are to be practically "axed" out of existence. But he reckoned without his host and a big storm on the subject is brewing. By the way, was it not a braw lass Jennie Geddes who hurled a three-legged stool at a preacher in Scotland some centuries ago because she did not like his sermon and wanted to reform the Church?

**They Must Have It:**—Many more letters have come to hand from soldiers who were ordered from the East to Ireland without their leave on full pay. Our answer is that when the troopships, now waiting for them at Milford Haven, take them back to England, we shall see that they not only get the packet of leave due to them, but free travelling warrants, full pay, and ration allowances.

**Takes the Cake!**—Battalion Orders of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers at Nowshera, in India, contain the following:—"Sale of Cakes.—In future the coffee bar and R.A.T.A. will be closed for the sale of buns from 11 to 1, with the following exception. A man who has missed his breakfast through no fault of his own or has had a very early breakfast may, as a special case, obtain a chit signed by an Officer, authorising him to buy buns between the above hours." What appalling rot! Hungry Tommy—they are mostly young—to get a written permit to buy a bun! Anyway, a man who misses his breakfast "through no fault of his own," is entitled to have an equivalent meal provided for him.

**Jack's Money:**—The Accountant-General is prepared to distribute awards for the following services:—Salvage of the s.s. *Aquarius* by H.M. tugs *Hellespont* and *Stormcock* in June, 1918; salvage of lighter by H.M. tug *Roysterer*, August 26th, 1920; salvage of s.s. *Arabian Prince* by H.M. tug *Crocodile*, September 20th, 1919.

**Our Daily Thank You:**—From S. R., Rathfriland, Ireland:—"I wrote you a letter two weeks ago concerning my gratuity, which was much behind-hand. I want to thank you for your efforts which resulted in my getting it. It was long overdue and the efforts of my friends and myself were of no avail. We are glad to have a JOHN BULL to fight for us."

# "THE GREATEST OF THESE——"

*Registered under the War Charities Act as the* JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 98, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

## SAD STORY OF A SCIENTIST.

### WRETCHED END TO A BRILLIANT CAREER.

Here is a record of service of which any Englishman might be proud—followed by the story of his reward, of which any nation should be ashamed. J. B. Herbert, at present eking out a precarious existence in Holborn, served five years and seventy-five days with the Army and the R.A.F., overseas. Mr. Herbert took the degree of Bachelor of Science (in Chemistry) at Edinburgh University—no small achievement and conclusive proof of his high mental abilities. When the war broke out he joined the R.A.M.C. in the capacity of chemist, and became successively Chemist-in-charge at Baldonnel Aerodrome, Co. Dublin, at Chingford, Ruislip, and at No. 10 R.D. Wormwood Scrubbs. He was subsequently in charge at Uxbridge Sick Bay and Hospital (R.A.F.), and at Old Sarum R.A.F. Hospital, Salisbury. He relinquished a profitable connection in London to "join up," but on his discharge was unable to obtain employment. Notwithstanding his high qualifications and valuable experience as a chemist, and despite his long service with the forces, there was apparently no place for him in this land which we were promised would be made fit for heroes to live in.

#### IN THE MARKET PLACE.

Having family responsibilities, he resorted to the expedient of making up simple medicinal remedies, such as liver pills, rheumatism tablets, and bath salts, and selling them in the markets. It is easy to imagine the feelings of a man of education and refinement reduced to such extremities. With a courage for which we have nothing but commendation, he persevered with this precarious method of earning a scanty livelihood until he lost his voice and was laid up with influenza for several weeks. Then the worst of his troubles came upon him, which have culminated in his being advised by the Clerkenwell poor relief officials to seek refuge, with his wife and children, in the Workhouse. His landlord has summoned him for rent amounting to about £6; for several Sundays past he and his wife and children have had no dinner; he is refused the unemployment benefit on the grounds that he has been working on his own account; and a few days ago he was reduced to the necessity of pawning his coat—the only article he had remaining that was pawnable—in order to get food. Broken in health through war service, worry and privations, he is offered the shelter of the Workhouse as a recompense! Our great regret is that, owing to the many demands upon our Fund, we have been unable to afford, in this case, the full assistance it merits.

## "SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED."

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

**Out of the Army:**—Down from the Army, and down and out in civilian life, a man has pawned everything that the pawnbroker would take in, to provide "his little lot" with food. He was in arrears with his landlord, and was about to be evicted when we acted.

**"A Merry Christmas!":**—A poor widow with three children, two of them ill. The stress of nursing has told upon the poor woman, who is now in the doctor's hands.

**His Big Trouble:**—One uninsured child dead, another seriously ill. Such was the case of an ex-soldier who came to us and received financial comfort.

**A Long Chorus:**—The bulk of applications during last week were from workless ex-Service men with families, who wound up their sad letters with touching appeals for help to bring happiness to the nippers at Christmas. Our replies brought the maximum help possible, and we are glad to know that our efforts and your help shed rays of sunshine in numerous poor dwellings that would have been dark indeed otherwise.

**Our Hearty Thanks:**—Our recent appeal for clothing has had a record result. Parcels poured in and for days our department resembled the sorting-room of the G.P.O. at a busy time. Many thanks. Hundreds of parents and children who but for you would have been ill-clad at Yule-tide were well and comfortably "kitted!"

**Not the Right Sort:**—We were telephoned to concerning a one-armed Mons "hero" who married a war widow, who, with his family, had been evicted. We inquired, and found that he had received one year's pension with his wife; his children were drawing £1 8s. a week from the Ministry, and he was receiving over £1 for the loss of his arm. He owed 64 weeks' rent, and had been in prison several times for rates that he was well in a position to pay. The fellow is one of those who argue that because he lost his arm in the war, the State should keep him and his in clover for all time, during which he should pay no rent or bills.

## WITH MANY THANKS.

"John Ruskin Band of Mercy" (Sheffield), £1 1s.; C. B. W. (Gorleston), 1s.; C. W. J. (Old Newton), 9d.; H. W. R. (Hull), 1s.; W. J. G. (Devonport), 9d.; Mrs. E. M. (Ross), 1s. 6d.; "A Mother at St. Albans," parcel; "Silent Sympathy," 2s.; Mrs. F. W. G. (Hayes End), 1s.; R. R. (Northampton), parcel; F. C. P. (Amport) 1s. 3d.; A. H. (Lowestoft), 2s. and parcel; M. F. (Malton), 3s. 6d. and parcel; H. E. T., 5s.; M. & A. B., 5s.; B. C. (Shaftesbury), 2s. 6d.; W. B. A. (Birmingham), 5s.; A. C. (Bordighera), £5; "A Wellwisher" (Wembley), 5s.; M. H. (Hythe), 5s.; G. B. (Abingdon), 6d.; A. S. (Belfast), 1s.; K. W. (Stepney), 5s.; O. W., 1s.; Proceeds of Raffle for Watch (per E. & K. B.), £3 7s.; H. M. (Tunbridge Wells), 5d.; "One of the First Hundred Thousand," £1; "A Demented Soldier's Mother," 2s.; E. J. W. S., 6s.; J. B. (Ylewsley), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; J. D. G., 1s.; H. F. S. B., £1; "Bones" (Walthamstow), 5s.; J. T. (Pembroke), 10s.; Mrs. F. J. M. (Merthyr Tydfil), 10s.; Mr. R. (Chesterfield), 1s. 6d.; J. H. T. (Transvaal), 12s. 11d.; Mr. G., 1s.; W. G. (Llanelly), 1s.; G. H. W. (Sheffield), 6d.; C. I. M. I. (Helsby), 6s.; T. S. (Birmingham), 5s.; "Grannie" (Rochdale), 2s.; R. B. W. (Belvedere), 2s.; R. E. H. L. (Walthamstow), £1 18s.

*IS YOUR GIFT HERE?*


# "JOHN BULL'S" GIFT OFFER—YOUR LAST CHANCE!

Our great Gift Offer has proved more popular than ever this year, many thousands of readers having taken advantage of the "JOHN BULL" Pen Gift Coupon, which is accepted as One Shilling in part payment of any of our "JOHN BULL" Pens. This Gift Coupon is reproduced here, and readers who have not already done so are advised to send their applications without further delay, as

**The Offer CLOSES on 31st DECEMBER.**

*For our Offer of a 10/6 "John Bull" Pen, FREE, see page ii.*

*The Manager,*
**The "JOHN BULL" PEN Dept.**
Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

| *LIST OF MODELS:* | Price. | WITH GIFT COUPON |
|---|---|---|
| No. 1. "Standard" Model ... | 3/3 | 2/- |
| No. 2. "De Luxe" Model ... | 4/3 | 3/3 |
| No. 3. "Safety" Model ... | 6/- | 5/- |
| No. 5. "LEVER SELF-FILLING" MODEL ... | 8/9 | 7/9 |
| No. 6. "Screw Cap" Baby Model ... ... ... | 4/9 | 3/9 |
| The "JOHN BULL" Safety Razor, including 6 blades and stropping attachment | 5/- | 4/- |

Postage and Insurance on each pen 2d. extra. Postage on Razor 6d. extra.

Pocket Clips 3d. each.

Every pen is fitted with a 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib, Iridium tipped.

A 9688
95, Long Acre London W.C
Xmas 1921
This Coupon entitles the holder to a "John Bull" Pen at the special rates set out below and is equivalent in value to One Shilling. Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each pen, and for the "John Bull" Razor, and is available to December 31st 1921
£0-1-0
Signed. The Manager

*This offer applies to readers in the British Isles only.*

This coupon is worth 1/- to you

**It is the business of JOHN BULL to right your wrongs.**

*Advertisers' Announcements.*

COMPANY MEETING.

# VICKERS, LTD.

Addressing the fifty-fourth annual meeting of Vickers, Ltd., at River Don Works, Sheffield, on December 22nd, Mr. Douglas Vickers, M.P., chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said he regretted the necessity for holding the meeting so late in the year, which was due to the impossibility of getting a final settlement with the Government both on the questions of contracts and of taxation.

While there had been no remissness on the firm's side, in endeavouring to arrive at conclusions, he was not casting reproach at the Government departments.

The accounts were extremely complicated, and the figures very large, amounting in the aggregate to some millions, and it was felt that mistakes might therefore also reach high figures.

Dealing with the company's investments in subsidiary and connected companies, Mr. Vickers said that the total came to about £27,389,800, the outstanding interest being the Metropolitan Carriage, Wagon and Finance Co., Ltd., standing at about £12,954,000. They also held interests in W. T. Glover and Co., Ltd., cablemakers, to the extent of £227,000, the Wolseley Motors, Ltd., holding one million Ordinary shares, and in Messrs. W. Beardmore and Co., Ltd., to the extent of 845,000 £1 shares, figuring in Vickers' books at £494,500. They had also £114,000 in syndicates formed generally in connection with foreign banks for the acquisition and development of large electrical water-power concessions abroad.

The profit for the year totalled £541,900, and, after payment of Preference dividend for 1920, there was a carry forward of £990,639. He had no doubt it would be urged that with this substantial sum in carry forward the directors should have recommended the payment of some, if only a small, dividend. This was carefully considered from every point of view, and if the directors had considered it prudent they would have been only too glad to recommend the distribution of a small dividend, for their sympathy was with the shareholders.


ANOTHER

# COAL SENSATION

| | Our Price per ton | Elsewhere charged at |
|---|---|---|
| Largest House Coal | 49/- | 62/- |
| House Stove Coal | 46/- | 59/- |
| Hard Steam Coal | 42/- | 51/- |
| Home Nutty Slack | 26/- | 42/- |
| Home Anthracite Cobbles | 60/- | 82/- |

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

In 3 Ton lots delivered free in two-hundredweight sacks within a radius of 6 miles of King's Cross Station.
Deliveries beyond the 6 mile radius charged 1/- per Ton per mile extra.
If one-hundredweight sacks required, an extra charge of 1/- per ton is made.
One Ton Deliveries Charged 6d. per Ton Here.

SECURE YOUR WINTER SUPPLIES by sending order and cash to

DIRECT FISH SUPPLIES, LTD.

Capital £2,000,000.
COAL DEPARTMENT,
33, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1
Telephones: Museum 4925, 4926, 9614.
Special Quotations for Truckloads to Anywhere.
Already Thousands of Customers.
Heaps of Testimonials.

COAL RING BROKEN



HOLDROYD'S GRAVEL PILLS

have no equal as a remedy for backache, gravel, lumbago, stitches, gout, rheumatism, dropsy, kidney troubles. On sale for 40 years.

Hundreds of testimonials.

In boxes, 1/3 & 2/-, at BOOTS and all Chemists, or by post from the Proprietors,

HOLDROYD'S MEDICAL HALL, GLOUCESTER TOWER.

# If You Have Any Difficulty

in obtaining **ENGLEBERT SUBSOLES** from your local Boot Dealer or Repairer

"Lightest Light and Watertight"

## Why Not Let Us Help You?

WITHOUT doubt, you should be wearing *ENGLEBERT SUBSOLES* these cold, damp days, because *SUBSOLES* and the rubber solution with which they are fixed combine to render your shoes absolutely chill and water proof.

*SUBSOLES* are *Lightest in Weight* and *Longest in Wear*, and you can fix them yourself with the rubber solution supplied free with each pair.

*If you have any difficulty in obtaining SUBSOLES, send us the name and address of your local dealer, or we will forward a pair of SUBSOLES with free tube of solution for 3/- (Ladies') or 4/6 (Gents'). Please state size of boot when ordering.*

ENGLEBERT TYRES, Ltd.,
45, Clipstone Street, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.
And at 79/83, Downing Street, Manchester.



**NOTE.** We want every reader of "John Bull" to have an opportunity of securing one of these splendid Gramophones at a bargain price.
For this reason, and at the urgent request of many who failed to avail themselves of our special offer before Christmas, we are renewing our Free Gift offer of a Beautiful Record Album to every purchaser, for a limited period only.

**Specification.**

Latest hornless pattern (an improvement on the old-fashioned horn type in sound, appearance and portability). Highly polished Solid Oak Cabinet, approximately 10 inches high by 14 inches square. Baize covered 10-inch turntable with nickel-plated edge, will take up to 12-inch Record; nickel-plated tone arm, starting lever, speed regulator and handle. British made "Excello-de-luxe" sound box (exceptionally distinct reproducer). Powerful silent running motor made of finest steel, very reliable and strong.

Inspection at our Showrooms cordially invited. Large range of models in stock.

# THIS HIGH GRADE BRITISH GRAMOPHONE for 39/6

THE "Excello" Gramophone as illustrated, in spite of its sensationally low price, is sound in every detail. It is a pleasing piece of furniture, beautifully finished, that cannot fail to lend an added charm to any room in your house, whilst for second reproduction the "Excello" equals instruments costing 20 guineas.

**Avoid Inferior German Imitations. Remember—The "Excello" is British Made, and will play any make of record.**

**"Excello" Guarantee.** A signed guarantee sent with each "Excello" Gramophone, in which we agree to refund full purchase price, if within 14 days you are not entirely satisfied. The reliability of the motor fitted in this machine is also fully covered by our guarantee, in which we undertake to replace any damaged part **Free of Charge.** Don't risk your money on worthless imitations. Remember no other gramophone carries such a genuine guarantee as the "Excello."

Send the Coupon below to-day, together with 39/6 plus 4/6 for carriage and packing, and this wonderful Gramophone bargain and free gift of 200 needles will be yours by return.

*Illustrated Art Catalogue sent free on request.*

N.B.—We do not give away cheap records as an inducement to purchase, but can include 6 selections (new and up-to-date Records) for 7/6 extra.

**Read this Testimonial—**
J. Bristow, of Millers Dale, Derbyshire:
*I received the gramophone quite safely. I am sure I could not get one elsewhere for double the money.*

FILL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED.

VALUABLE RECORD ALBUM FREE.

**FREE GIFT COUPON.**

All readers of 'John Bull" sending this Coupon, together with their order for the "EXCELLO" Gramophone will also receive this handsome, ALBUM value 7/6), to hold 12 Records, FREE OF CHARGE.

To Excello Gramophone Co., Dept. J.B., 52-54, Hampstead Road, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

1. *Please send Free Illustrated Catalogue.
2. *I enclose cheque P.O. for 44/- (*plus 7/6 extra for records. Please forward to the address below one "EXCELLO" Gramophone and 200 needles FREE, together with a special FREE GIFT of Record Album

*Strike out if not applicable.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

# "John Bull's" Letter Bag.

*[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL OR LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

E. M. (Spitalfields).—We note that since we once helped you from our "Greatest of These" Fund you are "eager to retaliate." That is the spirit we admire.

A. P. (Greenock).—Sorry to hear you have lost your birth certificate. Doesn't your mother remember when the mishap occurred?

"LONELY WIDOW" (Hastings).—"I spent an evening recently at the local Y.M.C.A." Be careful, or you'll spoil your *nom-de-plume*.

J. M. (Glasgow).—We agree that slightly disabled ex-Service men might well be considered for sedentary work in connection with the Army. We must look into the matter.

"FOOL" (Holloway).—Thanks for letter. Your *nom-de-plume* is somewhat offensive, but as it's only yourself perhaps it doesn't matter.

E. C. (Frome).—We agree that the G.P.O. authorities have been very hot lately on excess postage. Perhaps some of our readers will take this as a broad hint.

"ADVERTISER" (Colchester).—The conditions imposed upon you when renting a flat were certainly rather steep. Reminds us of the war days, when you had to buy the whole shop to get a pound of sugar.

Mrs. F. H. (Paddington, W.).—"My husband is an ex-man and out of work." Is it the effect of marriage or has he had an illness?

T. G. (Limehouse, E.).—"You might investigate this scandal between husband and wife." Regret to state that the man we sent came back with a thick ear.

"LOVER OF FAIR PLAY" (Battersea, S.W.).—We have constantly laid it down that ex-Service men should have the preference when jobs are going, and we see no reason whatever to alter this opinion.

K. G. (Dublin).—We note that, having received no reply to your last letter to us, you have "written to Scotland Yard." That's the way to put the wind up us.

C. W. S. (Earl's Court, S. W.).—It was certainly hard lines on the Sunderland house owner you speak of to see his tenant "housed in palatial comfort while he slept in a dog kennel." Unfortunately we cannot quite take it in, having rather a small swallow.

H. S. (London, N.).—"I have just had an operation on the stomach." Not unseasonable.

W. S. (Weymouth).—In our opinion you were quite justified in resisting the P.M.G.'s excessive charges for wireless telegraphy. Some of these Government departments are as greedy as a cat for sprats.

J. E. B. (Crowthorne).—"I have been looking for a house to let with a bit of land attached." You must be first cousin to the man who looked for the seaside at Balham.

~~MRS. F. E. M. (Rochdale).~~—"Can we wonder why the churches are empty." We can, and some of us can guess too.

E. K. (Wimbledon, S. W.).—Your plan of relieving unemployment closely follows the lines of the Government scheme. We always thought someone had put them up to it.

W. J. C. (London, S.W.).—Sorry cannot spare a man to measure the Clock Tower on the Houses of Parliament for you, but if the guide books are to be trusted it is 336 ft. high.

A. I. (Mallow).—"There is much talk about the increased telephone charges." There is, and some of it horribly blasphemous.

"CONFUZUS" (Blackfriars, S.E.).—"If a snake consumed itself via its tail, what would be the ultimate result?" Probably before it had gone any distance someone would report the matter to the R.S.P.C.A.

N. N. (Oxford).—Much interested in your information re Nelson's souvenirs. If only we had thought of it you might have bought the *Victory*.

"MIDLAND READER"—In our opinion it was very wrong of your Vicar to interrupt the Temperance meeting. It would have been much more gentlemanly to sit quietly in the pub.

H. R. H. (Totteridge).—We see nothing against the stipulation of the Town Council that firemen called to a job should be provided with "reasonable refreshment." It's a thirsty business.

"CRITIC" (Liverpool).—Not very polite of you to send us one of our paragraphs with "all wrong" scrawled over it and no accompanying letter. You should remember that some of our staff are devils when they're roused.

"READER" (Sheffield).—We can imagine how shocked you were thinking that in your last letter to us you had put the wrong address. However, in the mercy of Providence it was the right one after all.

J. H. B. (Gorton).—Having been born in April, 1897, H.R.H. Princess Mary is now in her twenty-fifth year. Trust this settles all disputes.

C. Y. (Liverpool).—"Do say a prayer for me." So as not to forget it we tacked it on to grace before meat on Christmas Day.

MISS L. L. (Northam).—Your verses about "dear little Bennie" duly to hand. Rotten luck for the poor kid, wasn't it?

C. B. (Bideford).—"I think the railways are having it all their own way." Not so much as you might think. Only last week we motored to Dover and diddled 'em.

"ADMIRER."—We note that you are in want of a husband who "must be a sensible man over fifty." But you may take it from us that some of them at that age need a bit of watching.

"GOOD FORTUNE."—We now have a special W. P. B. for prayer chain missives, so let 'em all come.

L. N. (Huddersfield).—"I hope you will live another fifty years at least." Thanks, but not in these trousers.

G. H. P. B. (London, W.C.).—"Your special articles are splendid." With all modesty we are disposed to agree that they are not to be sneezed at.

E. B. (Leicester).—"Aren't you powerful enough to get us back the penny post?" Wait and see.

D. T. (Edinburgh).—It is hard to make out whether you intend to praise or censure the Germans. Perhaps you will make up your mind and write again.

J. I. (Ilford).—If you had written in ink we should have been much better able to follow your arguments on the Washington Conference. It is chaps like you who keep the oculists busy.

"ONE WHO SERVED" (Ulster).—We sympathise with your feelings, but don't forget that the path of adventure in statesmanship has sometimes led to success.

L. V. J. (Massachusetts, U.S.A.).—You need not predict failure for the Irish settlement because a few rattle-brained extremists vent their spleen upon it. A little pluck in politics often goes a long way.

F. R. (Bermondsey).—"Religion is creed." That is a matter of opinion and we know at least six Bishops who would not agree with you.

W. W. (Sandy).—Your New Year letter, half written and half printed, has a natty appearance. Most of the riddles we worked off at Christmas.

G. W. C. (Hong Kong).—Unfortunately your letter arrived without the "enclosure" you mentioned, with the result that we have suffered horribly ever since from watering of the mouth.

J. R. (Hornsey, N.).—Thanks for your observations upon the Football Cup Draw. If you will write in ink in future we'll pay half the extra cost.

"CONSTANT READER" (Holyhead).—The prosecution of the promoters of the second "Golden Ballot" is the latest illustration of the absurdity of the Lottery Acts which we have constantly denounced.

E. B. (Bristol).—We appreciate the spirit of your verses entitled "The Land For Heroes," and regret we have no space for publication.

W. S. (Maidstone).—The lack of proper facilities for ex-soldiers suffering from neurasthenia and kindred ailments is a crying scandal about which, before long, we shall have something further to say.

A. A. (Manchester).—"I should like to explain to you the meaning of my letters." The courtesy would be much appreciated.

W. C. D. (Taunton).—Sorry cannot see our way to "compensate" you for your article, but we will undertake that you shall not be prosecuted.

H. H. (East Sheen).—So glad our recent placard amused you. Trust you didn't split your lip.

G. W. W. (St. John's Wood).—"The enclosed on Ireland may give you some ideas for an article in JOHN BULL." Thanks, but afraid our readers might find them a little indigestible after our own mellifluous prose.

H. C. A. (Kensington, W.).—You will at least admit that we did our best to arouse the Government to a sense of the urgency of the unemployment problem. Meanwhile, our New Year wish for you is that you may soon find a job.

E. C. C. (Buenos Aires).—We note your motto, "Work like Helen B. Merry." Never heard of the lady.

A. J. (Redditch).—"My husband and I have been admirers of JOHN BULL for years." Expect, if the truth was told, it was trying to read the same copy you clicked in the first instance.

H. H. (Burnley).—The fact that there are cruelties in pheasant and grouse shooting does not prove that pigeon shooting is humane. Afraid you are a bit confused in the cerebellum.

MISS A. R.—"Your *Letter Bag* criticisms are extremely candid." You like them, though, you saucy minx.

T. C. (Northwich).—So you think it is very wrong of Mr. Lloyd George "to appeal to the passions of the people." But there is such a thing as a passion for liberty and justice.

J. F. (Worcester).—"What is your opinion of the enclosed article?" N.B.G.

MAJOR W. H. (London, W.C.).—You were quite correct in your contention that only Parliament can reduce the scale of Army pay. From your account the person you argued with must have been dead from the neck up.

A. T. (Sheffield).—It would not be constitutional for the King to lay down a general policy for industry in the way you suggest. We agree with you, however, that the profit-sharing plan has never been properly tested.

C. H. (S. Shields).—"Now that the cost of living is decreasing——" Stop there, or you may wake up with a jolt.

A. E. M. (Stratford-on-Avon).—So you think William Shakespeare was "not the most gifted man ever born in Stratford-on-Avon." Perhaps not, although you must admit he was quite an intelligent person.

W. H. W. (Bedford).—"Boys should love a good mother." They should, and no one else till they have looked round a bit.

J. R. (Belfast).—Thanks for "corroborating our strictures" on the Borstal system. Not that they needed it.

L. G. S. (Chiswick, W.).—We are sorry for the Chiswick dogs which have still to be muzzled. But we should be sorrier for you if you got hydrophobia.

W. O. (Manchester).—Glad to say "our esteemed Editor" is quite O.K. Trust you are the same at this critical season.

S. A. M. (Weston-super-Mare).—Your plan for the solution of the housing problem has greatly interested us. For two pins we would print it.

MESSRS. CHARLES LETTS AND CO., whose diaries are famous the world over, have again produced an excellent series of books for use in the New Year. They will undoubtedly meet with universal approval.

A. H. (Manchester).—We have constantly protested against the exactions of the National Health Insurance Act. It's a lot cheaper to be dead.

W. C. (York).—"Stop that German grin or there will be trouble." If you refer to our own bewitching smile it is like your impudence.

"RICKLES" (Balham).—We have said till we are tired that married women ought not to be employed at the expense of ex-Service men. Besides, they're so knowing.

"TENANT" (Cardiff).—On the facts you give us we are not prepared to call your landlord a "dirty viper." If he's the touchy sort he mightn't like it.

***(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)***

**Don't take bad treatment lying down—Write to JOHN BULL about it.**

# No matter how Tall, or how Big, you will benefit by the Woollen Mills' Great Sacrifice.

## 14 DAYS ONLY

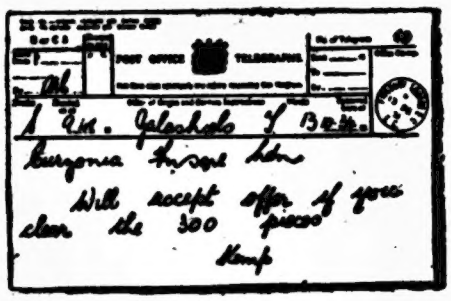
| CURZONS' 1922 Sale Prices | 1921 | 1920 | 1919 |
|---|---|---|---|
| £2 | £5 | £8 | £10 |
| £3 | £6 | £9 | £11 |
| £4 | £7 | £10 | £12 |

As will be seen from the telegram, reproduced below, we have been fortunate in securing, **much below replacement cost**, some thousands of yards of splendid quality Suitings, that we have decided to clear at prices to which there has been no parallel for 7 years past, taking into account the quality of the cloths offered. The manufacturers were determined to clear their stocks before the New Year and we were able to secure some extraordinary bargain values, which we are passing on to our customers.

We have divided the cloths into three categories, and a close perusal of these offers will convince even the most sceptical that at least our offer merits investigation.

**The keenest bargain hunters are invited to investigate this offer at OUR expense.**

Judge and compare for yourselves by sending for **FREE SAMPLES** of the various cloths, and if you are not of opinion that this surpasses the Greatest Tailoring-to-Measure offer that you have had placed before you since 1914, return the patterns and the literature, etc., sent you within 7 days, **and we will refund you 6d.** to compensate you for any trouble you may have had in the matter. Can anything be fairer or more convincing of the genuineness of our Sale?




**£2 Suits** (Average value £3 10 0). Cloths included in this range — **Pure All-Wool Blue Serge, All-Wool Tweeds, Black and Blue Vicunas, Grey and Brown Fancy Tweeds, and Glen Checks.**

**£3 Suits** (Average value £4 15 0). This range includes— **Indigo Dyed All-Wool Blue Serges, All-Wool Grey Cheviots, All-Wool Pure Scotch Tweeds, Donegal Tweeds, Grey Pinheads and Fancy Worsteds.**

**£4 Suits** (Average value £6 6 0). Cloths in this range include—**Pure Indigo Dyed Botany All-Wool Blue Serges, All-Wool Donegal Tweeds, Super All-Wool Saxony Glen Checks, Black and Blue Fancy Stripes Fancy Worsteds and Best Yorkshire Tweeds.**

**The Fit, Style and Quality of the Fabrics are Assured by the fact that Curzon Bros., Ltd., IS THE ONLY FIRM OF TAILORS IN THE KINGDOM Awarded 4 Gold Medals for Tailoring Excellence and Value.**

## OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO TALL & BIG MEN

During this Sale we are charging no extras whatever, **either for style or size,** so that abnormally-sized men will benefit two-fold. No matter how tall or how big you are (**the bigger the better**—as we are adepts at fitting Herculean figures), you will not have to pay 1d. over and above the fixed prices.

### The Advantage of Placing Orders Early.

In addition to getting the first choice from the **full selection** of materials (that is, before some of them get snapped up) there is the further advantage of having, at the present time, your order carefully tailored and fashioned, in our own Workrooms—as compared with deliver y in the Spring, when everyone is pressing for his order, and goods are being rushed through.

**From 10 to 14 days are required for execution of Orders.**

You run no risk whatever, our well-known guarantee to refund you your purchase money holding good in the event of our clothes not giving you every satisfaction.

### Free Patterns.

To those unable to call, Free Patterns with easy Self-measure Form, will be sent if the Coupon at foot of this announcement is filled in and posted.

By means of our self-measure form you can be measured in your own home and a perfect fit is assured under our guarantee.

**For Patterns and Postal Business write only to—**

## CURZON BROS., LTD., The World's Measure Tailors (Dept. J.B.), 60 & 62, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

**Head Office Depot: 60 and 62, City Road, London, E.C.**

**West End:** *207, Strand, W.C. 158, Strand, W.C. 118, New Oxford Street, W.C. 28 and 29, Chancery Lane, W.C. 58, Southampton Row, W.C. *19, Old Compton Street, W. **Deptford:** *Chesham House, Broadway. **Westbank:** *58, Powis Street, and *43, Hare St. **Forest Gate:** *59, Woodgrange Road. **Shoreditch:** *185 and 187, Old Street, E.C. **Euston:** *19, Hampstead Road. **Poplar:** *263, East India Dock Road. **Finsbury:** *13, King's Parade, Church End. **Kingston-on-Thames:** *27, Market Place.

**City:** *34, Liverpool Street, E.C. 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 18, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C. 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 115, Fleet Street, E.C. **Richmond & Twickenham:** *354, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge). **Sutton (Surrey):** *129, High Street. **Grays (Essex):** *71-73, High Street. **Southend-on-Sea:** *58, High Street. **Westcliff-on-Sea:** *Hamlet Court Road. **Coventry:** *High Street (adjoining Lloyds Bank).

These starred (*) are open until 8 p.m. or 9 p.m. on Saturdays. The others close early on Saturdays, but are open until late other days.

CUT HERE

USE THIS COUPON.

To CURZON Bros., Ltd. (The World's Measure Tailors), 60 & 62, City Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send me free of all charge the patterns of suitings as above described, together with self-measure form, fashion book, etc.

This entails no obligation on me, but if I do order, it is on your guarantee and conditions in your advertisement.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write clearly.

## THE RESULT OF BULLETS COMPETITION (432) WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

### HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you :—Example : FAIR FIGHT. Bullet :—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

**LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 434.**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| MY NEW YEAR WISH | MY BIGGEST MISTAKE | PLENTY | YELLING THE WIFE |
| PUT AND TAKE | A SURE THING | IF LUCKY | SPENDING WISELY |
| AFTER CHRISTMAS | PERFECT STRANGER | NOT LOST YET | WHEN RUSH BEGINS |
| PICTURE OF HAPPINESS | JUDGE AND JURY | STANDING JOKE | DANGEROUS COMBINATION |
| SLAVE TO FASHION | FLAPPER'S PURSE | CLIMBING | COINING MONEY |
| TWO A PENNY | A NICE BIRD | COUNTRY YOKEL | HE AND SHE |
| WHAT SHE WANTED | NAVY CUT | RED HOT | LITTLE AND GOOD |
| THE NEW WORLD | IN LONDON TOWN | SO SIMPLE | BRITAIN'S WATCHDOG |

**Closing Date, Thursday, January 5th.**

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(434) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

**Closing Date, Thursday, January 5th.**

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(434) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 434. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

**Closing Date, Thursday, January 5th.**

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(434) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

**Closing Date, Thursday, January 5th.**

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(434) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

### BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.
Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

### RESULT OF 15th FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In this Competition, 76 competitors each sent a coupon containing correct forecasts of the ten matches played on Saturday, December 17th, and therefore divide the prize of £2,000, each receiving the sum of £27 6s. 7d.

ADAMS, F., New School Road, Histon, Cambs.
ALLEN, A., 72, Baird Street, London, E.C. 1.
AMOS, WM., 40, Tymeinor Avenue, Blaengarw, S.W.
BAILEY, J., 13, Parliament Street, Bolton.
BALLINGALL, A., 90, Grange Loan, Edinburgh.
BAXTER, T., 11, Alfred Square, Deal, Kent.
BEST, G., 6, Gore Terrace, Swansea.
BLIGHT, H., 21, Millbay Road, Plymouth.
BOND, R. J., Barrington, Ilminster, Somerset.
BRAGG, G., 12, Maryland Street, Stratford, E. 15.
BURTON, W., Union Buildings, Mintlaw, Aberdeenshire.
CARTER, F., 10, Oakwood La e. Barnton, Northwich.
COLEMAN, W., 4, Victoria Park, Weston-super-Mare.
COLLINS, C., 43, King Richard Street, Coventry.
COOK, G. S., Furnaces, Cinderford, Glos.
COOPER, M., 23, Gwern Ifor Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
DAWES, W., 12, New Street, Basingstoke, Hants.
DEANS, J., 49, Bath Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
DENNIS, F. H., 14, Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N. 17.
DEVINE, JAS., Thornbridge, Laurieston, Falkirk.
DOWN, A., 9, West Street, Tavistock.
DYBALL, F., North Road, Gt. Ormesby, Norfolk.
EDWARDS, L. H., 18, Wellington Street, Nottingham.
EGLINTON, R., 71, Seymour Street, Crossmyloof, Glas
EVANS, R., 21, Seller Street, Chester.
FERRIER, JOHN, 10, Carwood Street, Greenock, N.B.
FRANKPITT, W., 12, Camden Terrace, Weston-super-Mare.
HARRIS, WM., 91, High Street, Dalkeith.
HARRISON, W., 35, Fence Street, Macclesfield, Cheshire.
HARWOOD, W., 2, Stanley Road, Hastings.
HATFIELD, MRS., 16, Alliance Avenue, Hull.
HAYWARD, E., 17, Fairfield Avenue, Pontefract, Yorks.
HEATHCOTE, E., 32, Brunswick Square, Camberwell.
HOPKINS, J. W., 6, Hollyshaw Lane, Whitkirk, Nr. Leeds.
HUNTER, R., 5, Esk Road, Plaistow, E.
INSTONE, G., 16, Duffryn Road, Brynawel, Cross Keys, Mon.
KEENAN, ELIZABETH, 151, New City Road, Glasgow.
LAWTON, W., 155, Beresford Road, Dingle, Liverpool.
LEVER, R., No. 1 Court, No. 8 House, Queen Street, Moxley, Staffs.
LLOYD-OLIVER, F., 110, Casewick Road, S.E. 27.
LOAN, F., 38, Eglinton Street, Belfast.
MABBOTT, S. H., 258, Fore Street, Edmonton, N.
MACDONALD, J., 15, Kyle Terrace, Irvine, N.B.
MCLEAN, L. C., c/o Mrs. Paterson, 72, George Street, Dunoon, N.B.
MALAV, W., 98, Merton Street, St. Helens.
MANSFIELD, R., 15, Dennis Street, York Road, N. 1.
MATTHEWS, G., 68, Stony Lane, Smethwick, Birmingham.
MONTAGUE, E. C., 56, Kynaston Road, Thornton Heath.
MORRIS, E., 3, Park Street, Brynamman, S. Wales.
MOULD, T. S., 2, Wigham Street, Felling-on-Tyne.
NICHOLLS, T., 14, Albany Road, Falmouth, Cornwall.
PEARCE, W., 1, Hillside Cottages, North Weald, Epping.

*(continued on page 13.)*


## WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE

# JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

**COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.**

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

*The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.*

## WHAT WE WILL PAY:

| | |
|---|---|
| For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to ..... | £200 |
| In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home | £200 |
| For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye ..... | £200 |
| For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ... | £100 |
| Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to... | £10 |
| In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks | £1 per week |

### ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To ..... Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

December 31, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

### REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of you Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address .....

December 31 1921.

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

# The Best Ever!!!

# £2,500

## FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £2,500 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £2,500 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £2,500 MUST BE WON. This is the

**BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.**

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

## NO GOALS REQUIRED

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.**

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £2,500 (two thousand five hundred pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £2,500 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £2,500. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

**How to Fill up Your Coupons**

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, Jan. 12th, will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

*Run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated," "Boy's Pictorial" and "Sunday Sports Telegram."*

**PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS.** Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 17, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

**COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.**

*Result of Football Competition No. 15 appears on the opposite page.*

### "John Bull" Free Football Coupon.

**Closing Date, Thursday, January 12th.**

**MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, JANUARY 14th.**

| HOME TEAM | | AWAY TEAM | HOME | AWAY | DRAW |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Arsenal | v. | Chelsea | | | |
| Aston Villa | v. | Burnley | | | |
| Manchester U. | v. | Newcastle U. | | | |
| Rotherham C. | v. | Leeds United | | | |
| Bradford | v. | Notts County | | | |
| Crystal Palace | v. | Hull City | | | |
| Blackpool | v. | Clapton Orient | | | |
| Brentford | v. | Southampton | | | |
| Swansea | v. | Plymouth A. | | | |
| Gillingham | v. | Luton Town | | | |

**Coupons must be cut—not torn out.**

I enter "John Bull" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(17) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

*Have you entered for the "Happy Endings" Competition in PASSING SHOW?*

## A MOST AMUSING FIRESIDE COMPETITION

**NO ENTRANCE FEE.**

*Buy this week's copy—you will be interested.*

Here is an example:

HARRIS: "*How does a dog that is fed on Spratt's show its satisfaction?*"

PARRIS: "*By wagging its tail and.....*"

Finish it off in ten words or less. To get full details buy the best of all humorous Journals:—

**THE PASSING SHOW**

*Price 2d.*

## Have YOU Tried QUEERIES???

"QUEERIES," the fascinating new competition, is now running in the "London Mail" and "Passing Show" *ALL YOU HAVE TO DO* is to answer, in not more than nine words, one or more of the "QUEERIES" given below. The Coupon below can be used for ONE QUERY AND ONE ANSWER ONLY. *Extra attempts can be sent on plain paper.* A postal order at the rate of 6d. for each answer must be sent.

**£50 FIRST PRIZE AND OVER 300 Other Prizes.**

This example will guide you:—

Query:—What makes the wrinkles come

Answer:—Being overworked and underpaid.

**QUEERIES FOR COMPETITION No. 9:**

What Should Our New Year Resolution Be?
What is a Her:? What Did Noah Say?
What Game Does a Woman Play Best?
What Do You Think of the Government?
What Makes an Ideal Husband?
What Makes the Wrinkles Come?
What is Beer?

Address your envelope to "QUEERIES" No. 9, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No. 9 (J.B.) Closing Date, January 10th.

YOUR ANSWER MUST CONSIST OF NOT MORE THAN NINE WORDS

Query .....

Answer .....

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this competition in accordance the rules and conditions announced.

.....

.....

.....

## SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

12/- per line. (Minimum 3 lines.)

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from Makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 58 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of Samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contrs., Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30s.; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept J.B.), 145, Houndsditch, London.

LADIES, save money, make your own gloves, hats, Dorothy bags, table centres. I sell nice leather in all colours at 1/3 per sq. ft. Send 2d., additional envelope, full set patt.—Catt, Leather Merchant, Northampton.

A B C GUIDE to Drapery and Remnant Trade Worth pounds. For Shopkeepers, Dealers and Beginners. Big stocks of Prints, Hosiery, Ladies' Overalls, Towels, Sheets, Travellers' Samples, etc. Genuine bargains. Make money. Big Catalogue free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand. Secure speed of 150 words per minute. First lesson free.—Dutton's College (J.), Skegness.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including vulcanisers, motor drivers, fitters, etc. Ages 18 to 38 ex-Servicemen, and 18 to 32 civilians. Men over 30 must be skilled. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over, with allowance for children.—For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, Crown Bldgs., James Watt St., Birmingham; or 392, Bath Street, Glasgow; or 11, St Anne Street, Liverpool; or 18, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

AMUSING SURPRISES.—Selections from 2/6. Also comic wigs, tricks, puzzles. Lists 2d.—F. Davis, 289, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

A SPORTING PROPOSITION. — The STRAKER-SQUIRE "SIX."—Send a card for list to Straker-Squire, Ltd., Edmonton, N.18.

AN OVERCOAT TURNED SUCCESSFULLY. —Book and prices.—Write, Invisible Repair Co., Dept. J.B., 81, Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

SEND that 2d. stamp for free sample of "Mend-a-Tear." It will show you how to mend any tears in clothes without a stitch, in two minutes. Macintoshes, too.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

ASTHMA OVERCOME.—Dr. Douglas' MAORI CIGARETTES, the proved remedy of 40 years' standing. 2/6 per box.—Maori Depot, Scone, Scotland.

PEACH'S January Bargain Sale. Curtains, Casement Fabrics, Linens, Blankets, Catlg. free. S. Peach & Sons, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

## The Marriage Test.

ALL who have suffered from Venereal Diseases should consult a doctor. Otherwise there is a risk of infecting one's partner in marriage. Free information can be obtained from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

*Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects). 1/3 post free.*

Provide for Yourself and Your Family by taking out an Endowment Policy with the

**CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,**

6, Paul Street, FINSBURY, E.C.2.

Managing Director: LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

*Write for particulars NOW.*

*Do you know this Lady?*

She improves upon closer acquaintance, in fact she is quite an attractive person when you set to know her well. Milburn Frode discovered this. JUSTICE by RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD tells you how he made the discovery and won back his manhood in so doing. Read the full fascinating story in the January "PAN."

*This story alone is worth the shilling charged for the January "PAN" and there are 14 others of equal excellence.*

# Why we dare to do it

No author, however famous, can get a story accepted for "PAN" unless it passes the severest of all tests—merit.

You do not always find an array of great names on the Contents' Page of "PAN," but you are always sure of finding fiction that is characteristic for its variety, power and interest.

We have the courage to give our readers good stories instead of great names because we know that there is a great public which is heartily tired of second rate stories by first-rate sellers.

Get your copy to-day!

*Just out—Look for this cover on the Bookstalls.*

£100 for helping to edit "Pan."

"PAN" is offering its readers the following prizes this month for the best 200-word criticism of the worst story:—

First Prize £100
Second Prize £10
20 Prizes of £1 each
50 6/- Novels.

*TO AUTHORS.*

"PAN" is in the market—always—for short stories of from 1,500 to 5,000 words in length. Big names do not influence us, all writers receive prompt and courteous consideration.

PAN

THE FICTION MAGAZINE.

14 Stories for 1/-. Get the January Number To-day.

PROPRIETORS: ODHAMS PRESS, LTD.

# Helpless Child made Active.

## Remarkable Case of Lost Power Restored by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Violet Hudson.

Mrs. Hudson, 3, Hilda Road, Chatham, says:—"When my little girl, Violet was five she had a nasty turn like a stroke, and became quite helpless. She could not move a limb, not a finger. If I put her in a chair she remained as I placed her, if I put her to bed it was the same; she lay just as she was placed, and would have lain anywhere for any length of time. I had to attend to her just like an infant. Her speech, too, was affected, in fact it was just a mumble.

"I took her here and there, and had all sorts of advice and treatment. But she remained as helpless as a little log.

"In the end, however, I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after a time she could move. From then on she improved rapidly, and now, two years later, she can go about by herself, and is ever so well in health. She still drags one leg, but the drag gets less, and it is such a pleasure to us to see her getting about."

# Dr. Cassell's Tablets

*The Universal Home Remedy for*

Nervous Breakdown, Anæmia, Neuritis, Palpitation, Indigestion, Kidney Weakness, Sleeplessness, Children's Weakness, Neurasthenia, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life

Home Price, 2/-
1/3 the smaller size.
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The first two tablets are the first rung in the ladder reaching to perfect health

Sole Proprietors: THE VENO DRUG CO., LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post Free on [illegible]. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency (Ltd.) for Canada: Anglican News Co., Ltd.; Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and International News Co., Ltd. For America: International News Co., Ltd. Also on sale by W. H. Smith and Son, Boulogne, & A. Simon-Sarbon, Brussels, and 44, Rue Joseph II., Colonie, and 216, Rue Royale, Paris.